

THE SKETCH.

No. 86.—Vol. VII

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6^d.



A MOORISH LADY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. The remains of the Comte de Paris were viewed by a large number of French Royalists at Stowe House, and a Requiem Mass was celebrated in the French Church, Leicester Square.—The Duke and Duchess of York were taken for a trip up and down the Mersey, and the Duchess left for Scotland in the afternoon.—Sir Albert Rollit, presiding at the autumn meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Huddersfield, gave it as his opinion that we were entering upon a period of relief from the depression which has prevailed in many industries.—The Airdrie, Bathgate, and Falkirk mine owners resolved that if the miners resumed work within a week they would recommend to the other masters that wages should be the same as were paid when work was stopped; that no alteration of wages should take place before the end of the year; and that a joint conciliation board of employers and miners should be formed.—A mass meeting of railway men, held in the Memorial Hall, decided to demand of the companies a six-days' week in all departments.—Earl Sondes died last night in his seventieth year.—At the Catholic Truth Society's Conference at Preston, the Duke of Norfolk urged on Catholics the necessity of their taking part in the public life of the country and keeping it pure.—The new buildings which the Mercers' Company have erected on the site of Barnard's Inn, Holborn, for the purposes of their ancient school—it is 443 years old—were formally opened by Lord Selborne. The fine old hall of the Inn has been retained.—The Hereford Musical Festival began.

Wednesday. The Comte de Paris was buried in the Chapel of St. Charles Borromeo, Weybridge. After the funeral the Duc d'Orléans addressed a meeting of the French Legitimists in London, promising to fulfil without faltering the mission which devolved upon him as heir to the throne of France.—Professor Helmholtz was also buried to-day, the funeral taking place at Charlottenburg. A model was taken of his brain yesterday. The convolutions were developed in an extraordinary degree.—Speaking of Denominational Education at the Catholic Conference at Preston, the Duke of Norfolk said a darkness was creeping over the country worse than the darkness of death.—Lord and Lady Derby opened a new park at Ormskirk. The land was presented by the late Earl, and the ground was laid out by the labour of miners during the recent strike.—Sir Courtenay Boyle spoke at the Associated Chambers of Commerce meeting in Huddersfield on the extraordinary accumulation of gold as indicating a lack of confidence among investors on the one hand and an increasing disposition towards thrift on the other.—The Nina, a small decked boat of 13 tons, arrived at Queenstown from New York, having crossed the Atlantic in 35 days. The boat, which is 40 ft. long, and rigged as a schooner, was navigated by a Norwegian.—The Queen of Holland visited Nieuwe Diep.—Great forest fires have broken out in the vicinity of Bona, in Algeria.—The war in Samoa is at an end, and the rebel chiefs have surrendered their arms to the commander of H.M.S. Curaçoa.

Thursday. At the half-yearly Court of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England a gentleman brought forward a resolution for an inquiry into the relations which had existed between the late Chief Cashier and certain customers of the Bank, who complained of Mr. May's treatment of them, and referred to three cases in which, as he alleged, Mr. May had induced customers to invest largely in Chicago Great Western bonds and "similar rubbish." But this found no second and fell to the ground.—A robbery similar to the one which is being nightly enacted on the stage of the Adelphi Theatre was perpetrated this afternoon in Hatton Garden, when a Dutch diamond merchant was chloroformed and robbed of his stock of gems, valued at £2750, which he had taken to the office to sell on the invitation of three foreign-looking men who recently took up their quarters there.—The Scotch miners decided by a majority that the acceptance of the masters' offer would be detrimental to their best interests, and that no further action should be taken pending the coming conference with the British Federation in Edinburgh.—The Prince of Wales returned to London from Hamburg.—Mr. Alec Taylor, the well-known trainer, died at the age of seventy-one.—Diphtheria has broken out in Hawarden parish.—A fire which broke out in a leather factory in Bermondsey late last night burned until six o'clock this morning. The damage done is estimated at £80,000.—The Emperor William reviewed, at Swinemünde, the Imperial fleet before its departure for the autumn manœuvres, which begin to-day.—The International Peace Congress was opened at Perugia.—A decisive battle is reported to have been fought during two days between the Chinese and the Japanese.

Friday. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duc d'Orléans, visited the Comtesse de Paris at Stowe House.—Mr. W. H. Lever, of Sunlight Soap fame, has consented to contest Birkenhead as a Liberal.—The Atlantic eastern record has again been broken, for the Lucania completed the voyage to-day in 5 days 8 hours 38 min., the same time in which she did her record western voyage.—The Hereford Festival came to an end. The aggregate attendance has been 8662, against 8807 of three years ago.—During the first six months of the year only two persons were killed and 100 injured on the railways of the United Kingdom.—The monthly memorandum of the Labour Department of the Board of Trade shows that there is a gradual increase in the proportion of work-people unemployed owing to labour disputes.—The White Hart

Hotel, Llandilo, Carmarthenshire, was completely gutted last night, the proprietor and four of his sons being burned to death.—An American millionaire's yacht was burned off New York.—At the annual National Congress of the French Labour Party, held at Nantes, the recent Anti-Anarchist law was denounced.—A number of schoolboys are at present in custody at Tarnopol, in Galicia, on a charge of being concerned in a plot for the separation of the province from the Austrian Empire, and the re-establishment of an independent Polish kingdom.—A stranger, believed to be a French pastor, was murdered yesterday afternoon near Beatenberg by two men, who were surprised in the act of trying to fling his body into the Lake of Thun.—General de Verdière, engaged in the French army manœuvres, was thrown from his horse and severely injured.—The court-martial on the persons charged with complicity in slave-dealing at Cairo has returned a verdict of "Not guilty" as regards two of the pashas and six of the other prisoners. The other defendants have been convicted and sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from six to eighteen months. The Sirdar has confirmed all the findings of the Court, except in reference to the two pashas, whose acquittal he does not think justified by the evidence.

Saturday. Lord Derby opened a new technical school at Bury, erected at a cost of £23,000.—The Duke of Cambridge inspected, at the works of Messrs. Cammell, of Sheffield, a new bullet-proof shield, the invention of Captain Francis Boynton, of the 3rd Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment. The shield, which weighs 6 lb. when 3-8 in. thick, covers 112 square inches of the wearer's body, and is made of chrome steel. At thirty yards it resisted the bullets of the Lee-Metford rifle.—A startling discovery has been made at the Royal Smokeless Powder Works at Waltham Abbey. Just as the ingredients for the making of cordite were about to pass through the mixing-trough and knives in one of the incorporating houses, a stone about an inch square was discovered among the composition. Had it not been discovered in time a fearful explosion, caused by friction, might have ensued.—A new Socialist club, the Isocratic, was opened in Chancery Lane.—At a meeting of representative working men of the Holmfirth Division, a resolution was carried to ask Mr. Edward Cowey to contest the seat in the Labour interest, in opposition to Mr. H. J. Wilson, whose vote against the Eight-Hours Bill has given great dissatisfaction.—The Duc d'Orléans is evidently going to make a sensation. It is stated in the *Gaulois* that shortly after the death of the Comte de Paris the Duc d'Aumale called on his nephew, who burst into tears and said, "Uncle, I will risk my head to return to France, and, should I be fortunate enough to reign, I would still risk my head rather than be driven out." So much for Buckingham!—By the forest fires at Tunis hundreds of acres of cork timber have been destroyed.—Delagoa Bay has been bought by a powerful syndicate, who say, however, that the purchase is a purely commercial venture, and that neither the Transvaal nor any other Government is interested with them in it.—H.M.S. Ringarooma has been floated with the assistance of a French cruiser.—The members of the Peary Expedition landed at St. John's, Newfoundland. Lieutenant Peary himself has remained in Greenland.

Sunday. Prince Bismarck was waited on at his country seat at Varzin by a large deputation of his admirers from Stolp and Posen, who presented him with an address, and he in turn gave them an address—of an hour's length. He said that the lack of friendship between the German races had been much greater than it was now, for the country had made great strides towards national unity. "I trust," he said in his peroration, "it may be the case that Germans, when their position is assailed, will belong to no party, but to the nation alone, and may you win over the women of Germany to these views. In the hope that this may be achieved, I say, 'Long live the German women and the Grand Duchy of Posen!'"—The political will of the Comte de Paris, written a few weeks before his death, when "preparing myself to appear before the Sovereign Judge," regrets that he has not been able to devote his life so earnestly as he could have wished to the service of his country; he protests against the injustice of his exile, and urges his friends to rally round his son. If France is to be lifted up, he says, she must become a Christian nation.—It is said that the Spanish Minister of War has pointed out to General Don Francisco Bourbon that his attitude in regard to the French crown might compel the Spanish Government to enforce the rules of military discipline.—The Queen of Portugal arrived at Lisbon on her return from Stowe House.—The Duke of Westminster threw open the galleries of Grosvenor House to the public this afternoon, and 4542 visited them.—Shop assistants assembled in Hyde Park in advocacy of shorter hours. Two resolutions were approved, one of which asserted that anything over sixty hours per week, including meal-times, was injurious to health.—A wharf at Wapping was burned.

Monday. It is believed that some of the bank forgers are still in London, and the public are asked to be on their guard.—None of the diamond robbers have yet been caught.—The Scotch coal strike entered on its thirteenth week, but many men went back to the pits.—Mr. Froude is now so ill that he is confined to his bed in his house near Salcombe.—The British Museum was visited by 538,560 persons during last year, which is above the average of the last five years.—The African Prince Ademuyinta sketched his career at a meeting in Bow Road Wesleyan Chapel.—The Prince of Wales left London for Scotland.—The Paris police have laid their hands on a well-organised gang of thieves, one of whom is an Englishman.

A CHAT WITH MY CHARWOMAN.

It came about in this fashion. The wife was in the country, and suddenly I was alone with the dogs. As I go often towards the banks of the Thames, it was necessary that someone should be in the house to look after my canine intimates. So I sought out Jenkins, a widow of some fifty odd winters, gaunt and tall as a grenadier, and warranted by time and nature to do no injury to a masculine reputation, even of the most shaky order. My neighbourhood is not aristocratic, but it is a perfect Faubourg St. Honoré to the by-street whence came Mrs. Jenkins.

Now, I interview occasionally, and one evening, after listening for the twentieth time to the story of Mrs. Jenkins's life, the thought came to me, "Why not interview Jenkins? Here's a precious human document given into your hand. Here are facts of humble life to be treated frankly, without wish-wash of pseudo-philanthropy or the bought groan, tear, and sigh of the partisan."

"Jenkins," said I, "would you like to be interviewed?"

"I don't mind, I'm sure, Sir," she answered.

"Now, to begin at the beginning, Mrs. Jenkins, where were you born?"

"In Shropshire, Sir. In a village, Sir."

"What was your father?"

"A blacksmith by trade, Sir."

"Did he make a good living?"

"He didn't do so much work as in his father's time. He never seem to care for the black work in late years. It was an old 'ouse."

"How old?"

"Two 'underd year old, I should say, Sir."

"And your father's family were in it for many years?"

"For many years, Sir. I don't know 'ow long."

"How old were you when you came to London?"

"It was in '62, to see the Exhibition. I don't know 'ow old I was—about twenty, I should think—'ardly so much."

"How did you come up here to stay?"

"Well, Sir, when I come up I was in service at —. I come up to my aunt, who then wouldn't 'ave me because I stopped for my mistress's confinement. Father used to say if I could live with 'er nobody else could. My aunt lived in —, Regent's Park. Dreadful temper and fidget she was, I'm sure."

"I think you told me, the other day, that your father used to drink a good deal, and would walk out naked sometimes into the garden."

"Yes, Sir; 'e did sometimes. 'E'd go an' 'ave a turn now and then, Mother used to say the cider did 'un no 'arm. It was wot 'e 'ad at the publics. 'E used to be bad after 'e'd 'ad a turn. If 'is sister'd 'a known, she'd 'a been in a way."

"How old were you when you were married, Mrs. Jenkins, after your nine or ten years of service?"

"I think I was about thirty, Sir."

"How long is it now, Mrs. Jenkins, since he died?"

"It'll be two year, Sir, come next Christmas since 'e died."

"How long had you known him before you married him?"

"I only knew him about two or three months."

"You got along all right?"

"Pretty well, Sir. 'E was very good; 'is 'ealth was the worst."

"What was he when you married him?"

"'E was coachman when I married 'im. 'E used to drive a pair then."

"After that, Jenkins, please?"

"'E was at the undertaker's for years. 'E was very clever at flowers, understood the rarin' ov 'em, conservatories an' hall. 'E lived in — Street, Paddington, when I first come to London; kep' a coffee-'ouse there. That was 'fore ever I knew 'im. 'E 'ad to leave there because it didn't suit 'im."

"And just before he died what was he doing?"

"'E was down with me at —, Kent. 'E use to do a little gardening, flower work, and a good deal they thought ov 'im, too. Mrs. — was very fond ov 'im."

"Did he leave you well off?"

"Honly 's club money. Twenty pounds, that was all."

"And you had children?"

"Six altogether. Honly these two boys alive when 'e died."

"And he was buried at —, Kent?"

"Yes, Sir. It was a sad affair. They does things in a quare way down there. It seem funny, too, fur 'im to 'ave such a pore funeral, after the grand ones as 'e'd been at—the fours an' sixes, Sir, as 'e 've 'a drove in London."

"I'm afraid sometimes, Mrs. Jenkins," I observed, "that unless things take a turn for the better my own funeral won't be a very stylish affair."

"Let's 'ope fur the best, Sir," said she, cheerily.

"And then you went to friends at —?"

"Yes, Sir. I didn't ought to 'a gone there. You gets mixed hup in the 'ouses with such a drunken lot. They was kind, or wanted to be. They brought a lot o' gin to me in the evenin' when I come, and gin to me in the mornin' when I was in bed."

"And where are you now living, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"I took the 'ouse with a laundress, and we each agreed to pay 'alf."

"How much do you pay a week?"

"Three an' three-pence each, Sir. The rent is six an' six."

And then Mrs. Jenkins ran over the history of the laundress, which, as not germane to her own career, need not be chronicled here. C.

PITY THE POOR 'BUS HORSE.

There is some chance that our hard-worked omnibus and tram horses are about to have some small measure of consideration shown to them. In certain omnibuses there has been placed a printed noticesigned "A Lover of Animals," calling upon the public not to stop a car more often than is necessary, and especially to avoid doing so while going up an incline, on account of the severe strain put upon the horses. It seems strange that in a country so humane as England horses attached to omnibuses and trams should be treated with so little consideration. On an average a 'bus horse lasts five years and a tram horse four. Then both go to the knacker's yard; their work is over. Seeing how they labour on greasy roads, in all sorts of weather, the accidents they occasionally meet with, and their miserable fate, it requires no sentimentalist to plead their cause. An arrangement similar to that which obtains in Paris would greatly diminish their hardships, but if that cannot be adopted let everybody show some consideration by walking, if necessary, a few yards rather than put them to a severe and uncalled for strain.

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Promenade Tickets are issued at 1s. at 2.40 and 8.40, admitting to all Entertainments except Grand Stage Spectacle.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

SPECIAL TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT,
SATURDAY, SEPT. 22.—A First and Second Class Special Fast Train (the last of the Season) will leave Victoria at 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., and West Croydon 9.50 a.m., for Portsmouth Harbour, connecting there with a Special Steamer for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning in time for the Up Special Fast Train at 6.15 p.m. Fares: Train and Steamer, First Class, 12s. 6d.; Second Class, 7s. 6d.

PORTSMOUTH, RYDE, AND ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

MONDAY, SEPT. 24.
Special Cheap Excursion (the last of the Season) from London Bridge at 7 a.m., calling at New Cross, Brockley, Honor Oak Park, Forest Hill, Sydenham, Penge, Anerley, Norwood Junction, East Croydon, and South Croydon; from Victoria 7.5 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, West Croydon, Waddon, Wallington, and Sutton. Returning same day, as per handbills. Fares: Portsmouth Town and Southsea, 4s.; Ryde, 5s. 6d., and including Steamboat Trip round the Isle of Wight, 6s.

FOR full particulars see Special Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand. (By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

NOTICE.

THE JOINT STOCK INSTITUTE, LIMITED,

BEG TO GIVE NOTICE that the NEXT NUMBER of

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will be issued on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1894,

and that it will contain full particulars of the Institute's

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NORTH.
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



R.C.W.

SOUTH.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"THE DERBY WINNER," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

In the happy days ere the Earl of Desborough knew the truth of the adage "When a man's married," he found favour in the sight of Mrs. Darville, a lady whose character may be summed up in the delicate distinction noticed by the Duchess of Milford between asking who was Mrs. Darville's last or who her latest husband. However, the Earl's regiment was called away from India, and Vivienne Darville became merely the girl he left behind him, and when he was happily married she sank to the gross level of being an unpleasant subject of memory. The Earl's was a love match, and in due course his wife, Muriel, bore him a handsome heir, so he should have been the happiest of men, but that some fairy, uninvited to his christening, gave him the gambler's craze.

Desborough's weakness for sport had a twofold disadvantage: it caused him to lose bucketfuls of money, and to invite to Brockenhurst Hall Major Mostyn of his old regiment, the 43rd Hussars—for the Major lent him money. Now, Mostyn was in love with Muriel, passionately in love with her, though his passion did not prevent him from incidentally ruining Mary Aylmer, Desborough's nursery governess, and daughter of his trainer, sweetheart of his jockey, Dick Hammond. Mostyn thought that Muriel might be his if he could cause her to think her husband faithless; also, he considered that if he could get hold of the Earl's horse, Clipstone, the favourite for the Derby, and scratch him, then his own entry, King of Trumps, might win. So Mostyn schemed and plunged.

How near to success Mostyn would have come unaided it is hard to say, for he soon had a valuable accomplice in the handsome person of Mrs. Darville, who got into Brockenhurst Hall as the widowed Mrs. Dalmaine, the betrothed of the Earl's friend, Dr. Cyprian Streatfield, late of his old regiment. Vivienne had evil designs on the Earl, but he proved "chaste as ice," and she straightaway vowed vengeance and joined forces with the Major. Happily for their plans, Muriel was one of those persons so unfortunately destitute of decent vanity as to be jealous and quickly suspicious—indeed, she was prepared to believe more easily that her husband was faithless than that he was faithful to her. To such a pair as the Major and Mrs. D. she proved an easy prey.

Poor Mary Aylmer had told her shame, but not the name of her betrayer, to the Earl, and made him promise to keep her secret even from his wife. A kindly letter that he wrote to her came into Mostyn's hands, so did a letter of farewell addressed to Vivienne. To change the headings of the letters and make Mary's seem directed to Mrs. Darville was easy, and Muriel was satisfied with this cheap literary proof of the Earl's infidelity, so, with a woeful want of good manners, she called Vivienne Desborough's mistress in the middle of a military ball at which they were guests, and fled to London in a heavy black jet ball dress and the society of Mostyn.

Now, a melodrama villain never has tact. If he wishes to press his guilty suit on the virtuous heroine, he is certain to choose the most inopportune moment. Consequently, when poor Muriel got to a London hotel, still in her ball dress, feeling tired, hungry, travel-stained, sick of the jet costume, cold, and utterly miserable, the scoundrel invited her to throw her arms round his neck, &c. She refused indignantly; so he threatened force, and proceeded to try to violate the law and the lady. After a struggle, she ran into the next room and locked the door, leaving him out in the cold. Anon, the Earl came in, and was very rude to both, even mildly violent, and afterwards he went away and instructed his solicitor.

Clearly there was here a black case against the Countess; so, on an interim application, custody of the child was given to the Earl, who placed it at Streatfield's sanatorium, where it pined for its mother, and eventually did its stage duty of bringing about an explanation and a reconciliation. After this there remained only the question of the Derby winner to be dealt with. Mostyn, as mortgagee, caused Clipstone to be put up for sale at Tattersall's, and there bid against the Earl and his friends for him. Luckily, the Duchess of Milford had a longer purse than any of them, and bought the horse on behalf of Desborough, so, despite an effort of Mostyn and Vivienne to prevent the horse from starting by "nobbling" his jockey, Clipstone came in first, and everyone was happy ever after, save the wicked, and there is a miscellaneous collection of morals that can be applied to all the parties, even to those who had none.

"The Derby Winner" is neither the weakest nor strongest of its series. Its comedy scenes are better than usual, its spectacles as remarkable as is customary, its tale is rather weaker and staler than is wont to be the case, and the acting is extraordinarily good. The race is not yet quite licked into shape, but the military ball is striking; the Derby trial has a pretty effect, and the Tattersall's is effective, even if financially unsound. The acting triumph was to Miss Alma Stanley, a splendid Vivienne, but many others did very good work, notably Mrs. John Wood, who was vastly amusing, Misses Beatrice Lamb, Hetty Dene, and Pattie Browne, and Messrs. C. Cartwright, A. Bouchier, C. Dalton, L. Rignold, G. Giddens, and Harry Eversfield.

MONOCLE.

The excellent music mentioned in our recent notice of Brock's benefit was given under the able conductorship of Mr. Charles Godfrey, jun., who for the last five years has been bandmaster of the Crystal Palace military band.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

When it is stated that one of the chief points in "The Chinaman" is the jealousy of a man because he thinks that his wife's innocent attentions to her brother are guilty favours to a stranger, and that another is the successful endeavour of the hero to pass himself off as a Chinese mandarin at a moment's notice, though he knows nothing of the land or language, the experienced playgoer will guess that Mr. John Tresahar's new farce is poor stuff. Yet the guess is not quite correct. The ingredients are as old as the Monument, but they are put together cleverly enough to be amusing to an uncritical audience, and a sense of rough stage humour, which it is hard to analyse, gives some animation to the mixture.

One is disposed to regret that "The Chinaman" belongs to the "husband's escape" class of farce, since this generation has already seen too much of it even at its best. There, certainly, in our modern life, are possibilities of humorous work, of which Mr. Pinero and, in a lesser degree, Messrs. Brandon Thomas and Arthur Law have been able to take advantage without exhausting the subject-matter, and it is from this source, up to now almost untouched, that the successful new farces must come. However cleverly smart young authors, such as Mr. Tresahar, may use the kaleidoscope, the result must remain unsatisfactory until they put in new ingredients.

The acting of "The Chinaman," though not exactly brilliant, is good enough for the work to be done. Mr. Tresahar has not the subtlety or humour of a Hawtrey, nor the cyclonic method of a Wyndham, yet his work shows a boisterous comic force, and in the depiction of farcical despair he comes within range of the peculiar genius of Mr. Weedon Grossmith. In such a relation as stands Mr. Tresahar to these players is Miss Cicely Richards to Miss Fanny Brough: she knows what to do and how it is to be done, and her work is excellent and conscientious, but she has not the feverish life that might have made one scene in the play overwhelmingly funny. Mr. Frank Wyatt was clever, even if not quite French, as the comic French lover, and Miss Edith Kenward, were she rather quieter, would be very amusing. If you ask whether the play is worth a visit, I should answer that the "first-nighters" seemed to think so.

It is rather unfortunate for Mr. Brander Matthews that, just after he has been singing so loudly about the merits of American drama in his interview with Mr. William Archer, such a piece as "Little Miss Cute" should have been presented to Britishers. It represents a class of work that, I believe, is indigenous to America, and certainly is to the infinite discredit of the man who invented it. The "star" system seems to have run to madness when farce and melodrama are mixed clumsily in order to present ever as the central figure a young woman who, for no given reason, wears short skirts, and breaks out at intervals into irrelevant song or impertinent dance. The Royalty Theatre does not smell sweet in the nostrils of the critics, for in it they have had to endure many fearful entertainments; it was left to Miss Hope Booth to cap the very worst piece in the record of Miss Kate Santley's theatre.

Did space allow, one might give a comical account of the plot of this curious farrago, in which there was one of the most audaciously funny attempt at murder scenes imaginable. However, it is clear that space will not permit me to tell about the love affairs of Miss Cute Dexter or the villainies of the Sir Arthur whom she has to wed or forfeit a fortune. The performance was very well suited to the piece. Some of the performers are known in London, and will be grateful to me for hiding their names. When Miss Hope Booth began to act, trust was placed by the audience in her singing; when she began to sing, the trust was shifted to the dancing; when she danced, all trust vanished, and the disappointed, hopeless people had to be satisfied by jeering at the piece and mocking her curious way of pronouncing the "Amurrican" language.

Mr. Arthur Roberts will start a three weeks' season at the Prince of Wales' Theatre on Monday with his new burlesque, entitled "Claude Duval," which he has recently produced with great success in the provinces.

The 250th performance of "The New Boy" takes place at the Vaudeville on Saturday. Advantage will be taken to commemorate that occasion by the reappearance of Mr. Weedon Grossmith as the New Boy on his return from his vacation.

The German company at the Opéra Comique has come among us with very little trumpet-blowing, and that may have accounted for the comparatively small house that greeted it when it presented Freytag's "Graf Waldemar" on Saturday. It is not often that acting at once so little theatrical and so sincere is to be seen, and it is to be hoped that due support will be meted out to our Teutonic visitors. Freytag's play, which is nearly half a century old, portrays a middle-aged rake, who finds his salvation in a gardener's daughter. The latter was charmingly presented by Fräulein von Driller, who plays with delightful simplicity. The Count found a convincing representative in Herr Cäsar Beck. The note of the whole production was the carefulness with which everything was done. There was nothing very brilliant, either in the play or in the acting, but the general level of excellence was very marked.

The "Gaiety Girl" is going admirably at Daly's. By-the-way, it should have been noticed last week that Mr. Eric Lewis, together with Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Coffin, and some others of the original company, has migrated to Daly's. He is wholly delightful as the Judge.—x.

A CHAT WITH MISS RHODA HALKETT.

Photographs by Falk, Sydney.

It was with some difficulty I ran Miss Rhoda Halkett to earth in a cosy flat in Bloomsbury, just a day before her appearance in "The Chinaman" at the Trafalgar Theatre, where she figures as a pretty, gay young aunt, who surveys persons and manners through a single glass like a man.

"Yes; I've been nearly two months in England," said the beautiful young Australian, in answer to my first query; "but I've only been enjoying myself up till now, when I am commencing work. Everyone here has been so kind to me. I came over with an idea that the English were so reserved and cold, but I have received such hospitality and attention that my views are quite changed."

"You have not been very long on the stage?" I hazarded.

"Just four years. I started with the very smallest parts; 'My lord, the barges wait' style of thing, you know," said Miss Halkett, laughingly; "but I came along pretty quickly, and have since played almost every style of part: old women, the adventuress, *Hermia* in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and *Janet Priest* in 'The Profligate,' a very favourite part of mine, in which *role* I have recently toured through New Zealand. I particularly like playing *Shakspeare*. I studied the master very thoroughly with Mr. James Cathcart, whom I consider the first *Shaksperian* scholar in Australia. See, this is Mr. Cathcart's portrait," handing me a photo. "I look up to him, and consider that my success is in a great measure due to him. It is my ambition to play *Juliet* one day," continued Miss Halkett. "I suppose everyone says the same thing, but it's a lovely part"—and certainly the young actress's physical qualifications are very strong for the *role*.

"What led you to adopt the stage? Do you belong to a theatrical family?"

"Not at all. My people hardly ever go to the theatre, and have never seen me act; but as a child I was very fond of it, and enjoyed myself in many boy's parts, and when, through some monetary losses, it became necessary for me to earn my own living, I decided to follow the calling for which my inclination prompted me so strongly."

"You must have covered some big distances touring in Australia and New Zealand?"

"Yes, I have had plenty of variety in travelling from one distant spot to another in the least possible time, but I have only been in three managements—the Brough and Boucicault company, Miss Kemble's, and George Rignold's at Her Majesty's."

"What class of part do you wish to play in London?"

"I prefer a sympathetic *role*, and I may whisper that in all probability you will see me, at some not too remote date, at the Independent Theatre."



Then, as the dusk of the September afternoon deepened into gloom, Miss Halkett, dispensing tea very gracefully, and cheerfully calling attention to the fact that the thin bread-and-butter she had essayed to roll for the repast had not turned out quite satisfactorily, chatted of her Australian experiences, of the numerous parts she had studied, being remarkably quick in learning a fresh *role*, and of the varied *répertoire*



played on tour, so that the part of a week ago was almost a forgotten thing, and from this interesting conversation I reluctantly tore myself, feeling convinced that in Miss Rhoda Halkett, with her graceful figure, delicate features, and soft grey eyes, the London playgoers will welcome a distinct acquisition to the stage.

L. E. B.

A GROUP OF WOMAN'S VERSES.

BOY AND GIRL.

You're nothing but a girl, and you
Will always have to cry
(That's all your mother has to do);
But I'm a boy, and I
Can swear, just as my father can,
Sometime, when I'm a man!

A GIRL'S HEART.

And so he broke your heart? "What shall you do?"
Don't think of it. Just let your heart alone.
Some other fellow, in a day or two,
Will mend it, as your father did my own.

CONFESSION.

"I love no man alive," I said, "but you,"
Upon my wedding-day. Well, that was true.
But in the midnight moon, the midnight rain,
A mist of dead men's faces blurs the pane.

THE TERM OF DEATH.

Between the falling leaf and rosebud's breath,
The bird's forsaken nest and her new song
(And this is all the time there is for Death),
The worm and butterfly—it is not long.—SARAH PIATT.

B

HALF AN HOUR WITH THE DUKE OF DUNCE-INANE.

BY OUR SPECIAL INTERVIEWER.

In answer to my knock, the street door of his Grace's town mansion was opened by a gorgeous footman, who passed me on to the butler, who summoned the valet, who ushered me into his master's dressing-room.

That apartment had been specially selected for the occasion as the one most likely to furnish those graphic personal touches so essential to the gratification of intelligent readers.

I was told that the Duke would join me in a few minutes, and as soon as the valet had retired I set to my work in good earnest.

The room was large and comfortably furnished, but a description of that could be done afterwards. I had little time to spare, and there were other things of more importance to be noted down.

On a mahogany shelf, behind a heavy curtain, I found several rows of pots, and small bottles containing various well-known toilet oils, shaving creams, and other valuable condiments. A small cabinet, which stood near, was unfortunately locked.

On the dressing-table I noticed curling-tongs, large and small combs, pincers, scissors, &c., arranged with mathematical precision. The silver-backed hair-brushes, bearing the ducal coronet, had evidently been quite lately washed and polished. A cut-glass scent-bottle with gold stopper proved to be full of superfine lavender water, while its companion held some eau-de-Cologne, the perfume of which clung to my handkerchief for days.

Then I opened the wardrobe. At the bottom there was a dressing bag of crocodile leather. When at last I succeeded in unlocking it, a large flask full of old brandy first arrested my attention. The flavour of it was very fine.

The shelves above were covered with piles of clothes neatly folded. Several dressing-jackets and smoking-coats were lined with brilliantly-coloured silks. I also saw a heap of trousers of all shades and textures. I could not find the ermine robes, nor the ducal crown, but in a drawer I discovered several dozens of shirts, and I was just in the midst of counting the silk and woollen socks which filled another when the door opened and the Duke of Dunce-Inane entered.

"Don't let me interrupt you," he said, with the natural affability of a truly great man; "but allow me to draw your attention to the fact, which, no doubt, will interest the public, that many of these socks are mended—darned, I think, is the proper word—at the heels. It may be a peculiarity in our family that all the male members of it wear out their socks much quicker there than at the toes. You will also observe that, unfortunately, the mending material does not invariably match the colour of the sock. At one time I thought of bringing this matter before our house. It certainly is a case in which urgent reform is needed; but we have other things to attend to just now."

His Grace appeared so genuinely distressed that I hastened to assure him of my heartfelt sympathy as a fellow-sufferer in this matter of darns. This seemed to please and soothe him, and thus there was established between us that "one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin."

"Perhaps," he resumed more cheerfully, "you have not yet examined this apparatus," and he opened a spring door in the wall, which revealed a curious arrangement of wheels and pulleys communicating with a curved piece of board cunningly suspended to an iron frame.

I assured the Duke that had I known of the existence of that secret panel I would not have opened it in his absence, and added that I supposed it was a private switchback.

The Duke smiled.

"That's not a bad idea; but this," he explained, "is my Banting Machine and Compact Gymnasium. I could never endure the monotonous hardships of my position, or preserve the slimness famous in our family, without the help of this health-restorer and flesh-reducer."

I expressed my admiration of the contrivance in such glowing terms that his Grace was evidently much gratified, and he gave me to understand that he was himself the inventor.

As he turned his back to me for a moment, to show how the wheels worked, I observed that the top of his head bore the unmistakable signs of mental culture and brain power.

"Allow me," I said, for the occasion was unique, and I passed my hand rapidly over the bent head.

I believe this is the first time on record that an interviewer had a chance of stroking the cranium of a peer, and thus I am enabled authoritatively to testify to the presence of the aristocratic bumps of birth and good breeding, which are fully described in that well-known and clever book, called "The Influence of the Bumps and Moles, seen by Starlight."

"Ah! yes," the Duke said sadly, "I know they are there. Among ourselves we call the largest *Noblesse*, and the little one *Oblige*, from two old heraldic words. I assure you, it is hard to start life thus handicapped. You have no idea what a responsibility these bumps are to us. There's my eldest son at Eton, now; he has them, too, and how can he be expected to look at life with unprejudiced eyes, or to behave, talk, learn, and think like other boys?"

I expressed my sympathy, but not from personal experience this time, for I was thankful to be able to say that my children's heads were of a uniform level flatness which augured well for their future.

"I am glad to hear it," his Grace said kindly. Then, seeing that my attention was attracted to a large bust on a pedestal—

"That," he said, "is her Grace's head, modelled by the great Clayman, of whom you have, no doubt, heard. It is a masterpiece in every way, in the original conception of a difficult subject, as well as in the perfection of the work in its minutest details. The attitude is unusual; but it is characteristic of the genius of the artist, who at once realised that the best view of my wife's head was the back of it. The whole thing is a gem in the world of art."

This was undeniable, and I could not help saying that it made one long to go round and gaze at the beautiful face which must be at the other side.

The Duke was delighted.

"That is exactly what I feel," he said graciously, "and it is on that account that I value it so highly. It creates in me a desire which otherwise I should never experience."

Then we turned towards a table where a few books lay scattered. Their titles testified to his Grace's wide field of study and unprejudiced tastes: "How to Curl your Moustache," "Hobbies and their Riders," "Women, In and Out of Season," "The Intricacies of the Income Tax, and Others," "When to Begin Dyeing, and How to Do It," "Youth in Old Age," &c.

"I always read for ten minutes after breakfast, and these few volumes suffice me. I make it a rule to master the contents of a book thoroughly, and I never skip."

I told him I was sure of it, that he did not look like it.

He smiled on me approvingly. "But will you not," he went on, "ask me a few questions? That, I believe, is the proper and usual way of proceeding."

I thanked his Grace for his kind thoughtfulness, and told him I had jotted down a few things about which the world would be glad to have his views. For example, would he kindly inform me if he took both milk and sugar in his tea?

"Yes, I invariably take both."

"Do you always say grace before dinner?"

The Duke hesitated.

"My servants always say 'Your Grace' to me and to my wife when they have occasion to speak to us, which is seldom; but I don't remember ever saying so myself at my own table. It is not our custom."

"Ah! exactly. What is the first remark you generally address to the lady you take down to dinner?"

"I don't know if I am peculiar in this or not, but usually I make some observation on the weather, such as 'What a fine day it has been!' or the reverse. It is an easy way of breaking the ice. I have sometimes thought of writing to the *Times* to suggest that idea to bashful young men, to whom it might be a positive godsend."

"Exactly so. This is indeed true unselfishness. Will you now kindly tell me if you always dress for dinner?"

Again a puzzled look passed over the Duke's face.

"I don't remember ever dining without having some clothes on, not even when I am alone; but I have often heard of that question being asked in the etiquette columns of various papers, and it has made me wonder whether the lower classes do not do so. Indeed," the Duke added, "my wife is anxious to obtain some reliable information upon that subject, with a view to starting a society for the preservation of decency at meal times in the homes of the poor."

"Thank you very much," I said. "This is indeed a valuable piece of information. It will testify, through the medium of our paper, to the true interest taken by the nobility in the welfare of the masses. My next question is of the utmost importance. Do you, at dessert, place your finger-bowl and d'oyley on the right or left side of your plate?"

His Grace pondered some minutes in silence. I was sorry to distress him, but was anxious to have that mooted point settled once for all.

"Really," he said at last, "I must ask you to give me a little time to answer that question with the accuracy it demands. I cannot, at present, recollect exactly how I act in the emergency you have mentioned. I will send you a line to-night after I have consulted my wife."

I assured him eagerly that the testimony of her Grace would greatly add to the value of the information. My next question, I told him, was a trifling one: Would he kindly tell me when he paid his bills? To my surprise, the Duke expressed his regrets in plain, though courteous language, saying that this subject was of quite too private a nature to be discussed. He was sorry to disappoint me. I was doing my duty and he, too, must remember his; but he added that any other question I would like to ask he would endeavour to answer without reservation.

"Then I will ask just one thing more and I have done: Does your Grace invariably travel first class?"

A sad smile flitted for an instant over the aristocratic features of the Duke of Dunce-Inane.

"A few years ago such a question would have been impossible," he said, after a moment of—to me—anxious silence, during which I feared that this apparently innocent inquiry would also remain unanswered, but he pulled himself together with a great effort.

"You little know how that question touches on your preceding one; but I will keep my promise. I travel third class when I have paid my bills, and first class when they are still owing."

I thanked his Grace, bowed very low, and left the house a wiser man than when I had entered it half an hour before.



A PILGRIMAGE IN BRITTANY.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen intends to remain at Balmoral until Friday, Nov. 16, when the Court will return to Windsor Castle for five weeks, before proceeding to Osborne for the usual winter residence of about two months. The Council held at Balmoral last week finishes off the Court functions until her Majesty's return to Windsor.

The Queen sent a long telegram of congratulation to the Queen of Denmark on her seventy-seventh birthday. Telegrams of this conventional description are usually sent by a functionary of the household, whose business it is to send off and acknowledge telegrams of congratulation or condolence, as the case may be. There are so many royal personages who expect to have their respective birthdays and other family events remembered that this particular office is no sinecure.

Sir Fleetwood Edwards has left his house in St. James's Palace for Balmoral, where he is to stay for several weeks, as he, and, later on, Colonel Bigge, is to act as private secretary to the Queen during the absence from Court of Sir Henry Ponsonby, who is now taking his usual autumn holiday. Colonel Bigge is being very confidently mentioned as likely to succeed to the late Sir John Cowell's post of Master of the Household, and, should he do so, may certainly be regarded as one of Dame Fortune's particular favourites. A few years ago he was only a subaltern of Artillery, without any special prospects. Thanks, however, to his chance connection with the poor Prince Imperial in Zululand, he was brought under the notice of the Empress Eugénie, and at her personal request the Queen appointed him Equerry-in-Waiting, afterwards making him Assistant Private Secretary. Endowed with considerable tact and no mean abilities, he has gradually but surely worked his way upwards, and for some time now has enjoyed no small portion of her Majesty's confidence.

The Castle of Bernstorff, where the Princess of Wales has been staying during the past fortnight with the Danish Royal Family, is an unpretending-looking, plain, two-storeyed building, about six miles from Copenhagen. The surrounding neighbourhood is very beautiful, and the Princess and her daughters have made numerous excursions during their stay.

Prince Henry of Battenberg created a considerable sensation during his recent stay at Dartmouth, where he went to attend the regatta, by appearing at the local fair and repeatedly patronising a large merry-go-round. The Prince, astride his wooden steed, was the centre of attraction once the identity of the rider became known to the crowd.

The Duke of York was not idle last week, beginning, on Monday, with laying the foundation-stone of the new Post Office at Liverpool, which is to cost a quarter of a million. Very appropriately, the stewards were chosen from the ranks of the local postmen, many of whom have



Photo by R. Brown, Bold Street, Liverpool.

served in the Army. The occasion was seized by the loyal Liverpoolians to present to the royal pair the silver dinner service which the city subscribed as a wedding-gift. Despite the rise of Manchester, Liverpool seems determined to retain her popularity, especially as regards the American traffic. In evidence of this, I notice that Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe has compiled for the Midland Railway Company a neat little book giving the traveller at a glance all the necessary information when he wants to go to Liverpool.

Another alliance of the stage with the nobility has to be chronicled. Miss Ellis Jeffreys, the delightful actress, was married on the 11th, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, to Mr. Frederick Graham Curzon, the second son of Earl Howe. The bride is a daughter of the late Captain Dodsworth Jeffreys. The bridegroom is twenty-six years old, and the younger brother of Viscount Curzon, M.P.

Last week the *doyen* of the British Army celebrated his ninetieth birthday. The veteran in question is Sir Patrick Grant, still almost as upright, broad-shouldered, and stately a figure as he was as a young man of seventy. Field Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B., with half-a-dozen other letters to his name, and clasps and medals galore, has filled the post of Governor of Chelsea Hospital for just twenty years. He is a scion of the Grants of Inverness-shire, his father being Major John Grant, of Auchterblair, in that county. Prior to his appointment as Governor of Chelsea Hospital, Sir Patrick had served long and honourably in our Indian Empire, where he greatly distinguished himself in the Sutlej and Punjab campaigns, and from 1867 to 1872 Sir Patrick was Governor of Malta. The veteran Field-Marshal has, as I inferred, a distinguished presence as well as a distinguished career.

In racing circles there is general regret at the death, on the 13th, of Mr. Alec Taylor, the famous trainer. He had been ill for some time, so that the news from Manton House was not a surprise to the multitude assembled at Doncaster. Mr. Taylor was seventy-one years of age; he was the son of Tom Taylor, who was private trainer to the Earl of Chesterfield. The love of horses, transmitted to Alec Taylor by his father, is likewise inherited by the two sons of the deceased trainer, who for some time have virtually managed the Manton stables. One of the most notable celebrities whose horses Alec Taylor trained was Sir Joseph Hawley, whose exploits are well known in Turf history. Latterly, his patrons were the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, who chose as her racing pseudonym the name of "Mr. Manton," the Duke of Beaufort, and Mr. Hamar Bass. He looked back with satisfaction on the Derby of 1851, when Teddington won. Twenty-seven years afterwards, Sefton, from his stable, was the winner. He trained a brace of Oaks winners, three winners of the Two Thousand, and three, also, of the One Thousand. Mr. Taylor had a very high reputation for upright honesty and thoughtful interest in the welfare of his employees. His death leaves Mr. Matthew Dawson the oldest trainer of thoroughbreds in this country. Few men had such a correct and clear recollection of past events as Mr. Taylor.



More English than ever at Aix this season, and more Englishwomen gambling. Dear, convenient, charming Aix, where one goes for the loudly-proclaimed cure and remains for the softly-suggested baccarat! The Cercle and Villa are both crammed to overflowing every evening, both before and after dinner, and many well-known faces make daily and nightly *vis-à-vis* to the impassive croupiers. It is a treat to see John Bull, with the impeccable mamma and demure "girls," casting prudence and five-franc pieces to the winds. For, without being as nimble as roulette, or as sporting as poker, baccarat makes a very good *pis aller* indeed. One cannot but notice, too, the opportunities for cheating which this game, of all others, offers. And I have been more than a little diverted to see the trials of skill between sharp-eyed croupiers this season and some of the more daring fair, who, placing their coins just beyond the line, as the game admits, will sometimes draw them back with incredible audacity and swiftness when the wrong cards turn up. Immense sums have been lost at the Villa des Fleurs lately, principally by the bankers, and I hear of more than one fair *Anglaise* who has made her little *coup*.

A young lady friend of mine who has been stopping at Ostend writes to me in a rapturous strain of the delights of that place, and of the smartness of the costumes displayed on the various female forms divine and slightly otherwise that are to be seen at this popular watering-place. It is altogether beyond my skill to recapitulate the technical terms of the various articles "that make" these various ladies described by my fair correspondent "beautiful, and keep them neat," but among the most striking figures at Ostend just now, she tells me, is that of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, who is staying at the Villa Héloïse at Ostend for some weeks. In a contemporary, the other day, I read that the late Mrs. Lyne-Stephens was "probably the richest woman in England." I should say there was very little probability of truth in that statement, but had it been made of the stately lady who is now at the Villa Héloïse, I should think it would be not far from the truth.

It seems scarcely to have been noticed that the late and unlamented Abbé Bruneau was, in his way, a bit of a poet. Some love couplets of his, of date November, 1892, have just been printed. These are addressed to a certain Lucie, and are couched in the usual style of erotic verse, the French equivalents of such terms as sigh, heart, goddess, love, and so on, figuring prominently among many other flowery phrases. By-the-way, only one priest had been executed in France before Bruneau during the present century; this was the Abbé Verger, who, having been interdicted, assassinated the Archbishop of Paris within a church at the beginning of 1857. Other clerical criminals were the Abbé Mingrat, whose story was told in a pamphlet by Paul Louis Courier, and the equally guilty Jean Baptiste Delacolombe.

Of the three Graces immortalised by Barham in his poem, "The Execution," the last has just passed away in the person of Mrs. Lyne-Stephens, the Duvernay whose flight my Lord Tomnoddy regretted.

Malibran's dead, Duvernay's fled;
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead,

lamented Mrs. Sucklethumbkin's noble friend. Poor Malibran, whose glorious mezzo-soprano voice and fine acting gained for her a European



PAULINE DUVERNAY.

From a painting by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., 1837.

reputation, died at the early age of twenty-eight; but the equally famous votaries of Terpsichore who are embalmed with her in the immortal "Ingoldsby Legends" both lived to a ripe old age.

Mdlle. Duvernay claimed Paris as her birthplace, and passed from the tutelage of Barrez, "a superannuated zephyr," to that of Vestris, whom she deserted for the father of Taglioni, whose rival she soon became. She took Paris by storm, and came to London with an enormous reputation, making her *début* at Drury Lane as the Sleeping Beauty in 1833. During the next four years she held the town, until she married a wealthy banker, Mr. Stephens Lyne-Stephens, who represented Barnstaple in Parliament for some time. Henceforward she lived a life of blameless retirement at Lyneford Hall, Norfolk, where she died a fortnight ago, at the ripe age of eighty-one, having been a widow for thirty-three years. She was unusually intelligent for a *ballerina* of the period, and she was all her life a devoted child of the Roman Catholic Church, which had often benefited largely by her purse—indeed, during her life she is said to have given £100,000 to the Church, including the cost of a beautiful church at Cambridge.

Taglioni married a French nobleman, Count Gilbert de Voisins, and retired from the stage in 1847 the mistress of an ample fortune. This she enjoyed for many years—in fact, till the troubles of the Franco-German war robbed her of the bulk of it. Then the Countess returned to the scene of some of her greatest triumphs, London, and gave lessons in dancing and deportment. It was at that time that I knew the great dancer—a cheery, slight, upright, somewhat withered-looking old lady of nearly seventy, whose once "twinkling feet" still carried her most gracefully. She prospered fairly well during the ten years or so that I knew her, and died in 1884, having achieved the patriarchal age of eighty. The handiwork of the venerable Countess was by no means so neat as the work of those nimble feet: her autograph, "Gilbert de Voisins, née Taglioni," was, I well remember, though an imposing specimen of calligraphy, a veritable scrawl.

By-the-way, talking of dancing, I suppose ere long that graceful accomplishment, with its accompaniments of rich dresses and stage jewels, will be denounced from the pulpit by some Rev. Mawworm, even as living pictures were denounced a few Sundays ago. When this

inevitable event happens I would commend to the attention of the charming Letty Lind the following lines, which, with one of her appropriate and original dances, might, I think, prove effective—

Alack! it is a sin to dance!
The lifted skirt, the dainty stocking,
Two little feet that gleam and glance
To modest man are quite too shocking.
Oh, gracious! what would Mr. Mawworm say
To see me going on this way?
Music and mirth are fooling sad,
Straight to destruction they are heading,
The cranks all vow such ways are bad,
And yet the path is pleasant treading.
Oh, gracious! what would Mr. Mawworm say
To see me going on this way?
For worldly toys, a glitt'ring snare
Are dress and jewels, Satan's trappings;
And though I wish I'd more to wear,
I know for pride they're proper wrappings.
Oh, gracious! what would Mr. Mawworm say
To see me going on this way?
But gaiety to me is sweet,
And Gaiety boys are all my mashes,
So I will lift my pretty feet,
In spite of faddists' sulphurous flashes.
What do I care what Mawworms say
To see me going on this way?

How very quickly the footlight favourites of the lighter stage arrive, flourish, and disappear! A few years ago our hoardings suffered from an epidemic of Paulus; our papers did the same. What he said and did, how he said and did it, his art, his salary, the length of his visit—all these things were matters of the greatest moment to the pleasure-seeking portion of the public. We were informed that Paulus and Theresa were the only serio-comics of the age, and that upon them future generations would model their style. This was not so very long ago; I am quite sure nearly everybody remembers the occasion. To-day, however, Yvette Guilbert reigns supreme, and Paulus is unheard of. As a matter of fact, he is running a small *café-concert* "on his own," in a somewhat obscure corner of Paris, and is, as regards popularity, scarcely a shadow of his former self. I was reminded of him the other night by hearing



PAULINE DUVERNAY AS THE MAID OF TERRACINA IN THE BALLET
"IL BRIGANTE," PERFORMED AT THE KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

Clara Wieland singing one of his very popular songs, "La Garde Municipale." It has not the same words, for George Capel, author, actor, manager, and musician, has rewritten it for her, but the music remains the same, and thrills us as of old. What a lilt it has got, and how well the fair Clara sings it! I am not given to prophesying, but I am quite confident that in Clara Wieland we have one of the great burlesque actresses of the future. There is a *souçon* of Vanoni and a touch of Nelly Farren about her style; she enters into the spirit of her work, and, better still, she has given up serpentine dancing.

Last week I received two letters by the same midday delivery. The first was from my tailor, and stated that, with my permission, he proposed calling that afternoon with reference to his little account, &c. The second was from the proprietor of a little boat-house in a cosy corner of Oxfordshire, to which the Cockney comes not and neither 'Arry nor 'Arriet ever venture. He wrote to tell me that the weeds in the river were dying down and that the jack were beginning to feed. The result of the two letters was to send me to Paddington Station in time for the next train, from which I landed some two hours later, bent on taking a well-earned holiday—something to which I had been a stranger for three long weary weeks. The weather was splendid, for a heavy thunderstorm had cleared the air the day before, and the river, in early autumn costume, looked wonderfully beautiful. The first task imposed upon me was to catch roach for live-bait, and with a little paste, a light rod, and a gut line this was not difficult. Then came a pull down stream to a likely spot, the gut line was changed for a gimp one, and the real sport commenced. The jack is a fine fish to fight. As soon as he feels the hook he snaps at the line, and, finding he can't break it, starts off for the reeds and rushes, twisting himself about them. At this period of the year, however, the river vegetation is old and rotting, and affords little or no protection to the fierce fish, which may, if carefully manipulated, be landed without much difficulty. Before landing him it is as well to bestow a *coup de grâce*, for his teeth are remarkably keen, and, if old enough, his tongue is as rough as his jaws. The numerous people who know everything will tell you that the flesh of the jack is not good eating; but have your fish well cleaned, stuffed with herbs, and baked, and if you don't like him send your next catch to me at the offices of this paper. All freshwater fish are good eating if properly cooked, and some of them have very fine flavour. I have eaten them all, from the trout to the gudgeon, and hope to continue so to do.

A propos of jack-fishing, a friend of mine, who deservedly holds some reputation as an angler, tells me a tale which will bear repetition. Some years ago he was on the Thames Conservancy Board, and used to give a lot of time to fishing. One autumn he was pursuing the festive roach with a friend, and was getting good sport. Suddenly his bait was taken by a very large fish, and by the way it acted he recognised a jack. To play it straight away with a roach line, however strong, was quite out of the question; so he gave it plenty of line and determined to tire it out. His friend, fishing next to him, at that moment struck a small roach, but ere he could land the same it was swallowed. "Look here," he called out; "I've got a jack on my line as well." A few seconds later it became apparent that it was the same fish, which, feeling little or no inconvenience from the first hook, had, in swimming away, snapped the roach and swallowed the second hook. An interval of suspense followed, for neither line was quite strong enough to hold the jack if it struggled overmuch. At length, after much patient playing, they landed the fish, and found to their delight that it weighed over twenty pounds. Obviously, so old a fish would not have a very delicate flavour, and being anxious to perpetuate a really remarkable catch, one of them had the fish stuffed and sent to an exhibition, where it took a prize. The happy name they gave it was sufficient to have attracted some attention, for, in remembrance of their joint efforts to effect the capture, they called the fish "The Union Jack." Though by no means as sensational as many of the yarns we constantly hear from fishermen, this one has, at least, the merit of truth.

South Africa must needs have its health resorts, and the township of Cradock, situated in the Karoo, some 180 miles north of Port Elizabeth,

is one of them. Miss Olive Schreiner gave quite an additional interest to the place by residing there, and it seems destined to become famous as a sanatorium. Many a phthisical patient, sent there as a last resource, has not only found the disease stayed, but has regained strength and bodily vigour after but a few months' sojourn. Cradock has had itself equipped with a cottage hospital, and in aid of its funds an amateur performance was given last month by the Comma Club. The programmes, one of which is here reproduced, were sold by little girls dressed as hospital nurses, and

Oddly enough, I found that the new Drury Lane drama is to be called "The Derby Winner" just after I had been reading of the performance in New York and Boston of another racing drama, queerly classified as a sensational extravaganza, and entitled "The Derby Mascot." However, in the domain of sport on the stage Sir Augustus Harris need fear no foe, as everybody will admit who throws his memory back to the three racing dramas that have preceded "The Derby Winner" at Old Drury.

They were all the joint work of Augustus Imperator and the late Henry Pettitt, and were "A Run of Luck," produced in August, 1886, and revived at Easter, 1888; "A Million of Money" (September, 1890), transferred to Covent Garden to make room for the pantomime; and, perhaps, most successful of the trio, "The Prodigal Daughter," September, 1892. The first was made memorable by the "meet" scene, with a pack of real foxhounds, and by the superb representation of "Glorious Goodwood"; in the second was shown a graphic picture of Epsom Downs on Derby Day; and surely no one forgets the race for the Grand National in the third, with the crowd on the Aintree course applauding the victory of famous old Voluptuary.

Among other sporting plays were Dion Boucicault's "Flying Scud" and "The Jilt," the latter but a poor specimen of its class; Wilson Barrett's "Nowadays," and G. H. Macdermott's drama in "seven furlongs," entitled "Racing"; while there were scenes upon the same theme in two Adelphi dramas, "Taken from Life" and "The English Rose." The Duke, Thunderbolt, and Whitestocking are the names of the all but nobbled stage favourites in several of these pieces. No doubt, in "The Derby Winner" Sir Augustus will, as usual, try to beat his own record.

Chatting with a friend the other night on the subject of the voracious animals classed by Shakspeare under the category of "small deer," I was reminded of a curious and half-forgotten incident in the early history of the now sadly-dilapidated old Prince of Wales's Theatre in Tottenham Street. In the pre-Bancroftian era, when the place was still known as the Queen's, and irreverently nicknamed "The Dusthole," a temporary overhauling of the street drainage led one evening to an unexpected invasion of the auditorium by rats, who, uncharmed by the blandishments of any Pied Piper, put the spectators to flight in the twinkling of an eye.

In the last six years nearly every London evening newspaper has changed its editor. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has exchanged Mr. E. T. Cook for Mr. H. Cust; the *St. James's Gazette* has Mr. Sidney J. Low, *vice* Mr. F. Greenwood; the *Star* shines under the direction of Mr. Ernest Parke instead of Mr. T. P. O'Connor or Mr. H. W. Massingham; and the *Evening News* and *Post* has had a new chief within the last few days. Now I have to chronicle the departure of Mr. Howard Evans from the editorial room of the *Echo*, where he has long done efficient service. Mr. Evans has the satisfaction of looking back on several years' experience in journalism, and on the growth in public opinion of certain views which he holds strongly. He has, in particular, been a warm advocate of peace and international arbitration, and with regard to Disestablishment he writes and speaks with no uncertain voice. Mr. Evans is about to direct the literary department of the Liberation Society, in view of the coming battle on the question of a State Church.

Not content with borrowing the waistcoats, shirt-fronts, cigarettes and other trifling idiosyncrasies of the sex from the inferior animal, New Woman has now discovered that the popular masculine hat-lining of Russia leather has points which commend it to her favour. Felt-hat makers are, therefore, busy on this newest fancy of the fair, which has, at least, a fragrant odour to recommend it. One may wonder why advanced femininity should, indeed, trouble to go with perfumed locks. Men have not enjoyed the privilege to such an extent as to grudge feminine participation therein, if the ladies so desire. In fact, they never knew the delights of the hat-lining before. And, meanwhile, the hat manufacturers flourish exceedingly.

That the noble estate of journalism is more than usually put to it for novelties in the sea-serpent season has been an immemorial conclusion. But, with all the enterprise for which our native inkpot knights are justly credited, it had not entered into their autumn programme to disport their precious persons in a wild beasts' cage like two wily journalists of Marseilles. Passing through that ancient seaport, some days since, I thought to improve my experiences of men and things by a visit to the Masserini Menagerie. I did so, and with trebly-distilled results. Times being dull and papers gaping for news, two noble paragraphists had pledged themselves to fence in the lions' cage on a certain evening, and their journals enthusiastically announced the fact with asterisks and flourishes. I was in luck, and saw the heroes engage. They duly appeared, safeguarded by an attractive lady lion-tamer in the tightest of tights, fenced dramatically for ten minutes, the lions looking on approvingly, and then retired, covered with glory, and good for several columns in their respective dailies for at least a fortnight forward. Now, this is what I call sacrifice in the cause. Instead of unearthing impossible turnips, or concocting new editions of the dodo, why do not two representatives of the *So-and-So* and the *Other-So* engage in mortal combat at the Aquarium, or something stirring of that kind? Think how the circulation would jump up.

"Comma Club"
Town Hall
Tuesday - Aug. 14.
DOING FOR THE BEST

Dramatis Personæ	
Betsy Stubbs	Miss Carter
Jane Stubbs	Miss C. Mosley
Emily	Miss S. Carter
Dick Stubbs	F.W. Green
B. 'Awkins	T.E. Jones
Parchment	P.C. deWet
Harry Stubbs	R. Carlisle
Thomas	L. Musley

IN TWO ACTS

ACT 1. STUBBS' COTTAGE
ACT 2. PRIMROSE HALL

"The COMING WOMAN"
Dramatis Personæ

Judge Wigfall	Mr. J. Carter
Watering Griffin	Mr. J. E. Brown
Victoria Wigfall	Miss C. Mosley
Barbara Rodger	Miss C. Mosley
Mr. Wigfall	C. V. Withers
Mr. Carberry	P.C. deWet

bearing the badge of the good Red Cross. It should be stated that six, if not seven, of the *dramatis personæ* were, unfortunately, recent cases out from home for the benefit of their health. But the fact that they were able to take part in the performance is a proof of their convalescence.



THE YOUNGEST CHILDREN OF THE LATE COMTE DE PARIS.

PRINCESS LOUISE (BORN 1882) AND PRINCE FERDINAND (BORN 1884).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RYRNE AND CO., RICHMOND.

TWO MUSICAL ASPIRANTS.

The Royal Academy of Music has supplied us with some of the most successful of our favourite vocalists. One of the latest aspirants to fame who has passed from its portals into the professional world is Miss Winifred Peake. This young lady is a Londoner by birth, twenty-one years old, and the possessor of a charming voice. After preliminary study in singing, partly at Stuttgart and partly in the Metropolis, Miss Peake became a pupil of Signor Manuel Garcia at the Royal Academy of Music. She secured the Sainton-Dolby Scholarship very soon after her entrance in 1892. This honour is awarded to the candidate displaying the best voice combined with musical knowledge. Next year Miss Peake obtained the bronze medal for singing, and, continuing her triumphs, she was awarded its sequel—the silver medal—in 1894. In addition to this success, she received a bronze medal for elocution and another for sight-singing. Miss Peake has not neglected the pianoforte, on which she is an admirable executant. We sincerely congratulate the young lady on the bright prospect which the promise of her student days holds for future achievements. Her many friends will follow her career with interest and sympathy.

Miss Minnie Theobald, A.G.S.M., whose portrait appears on this page, is an enthusiastic student of that beautiful instrument the violoncello. She has recently obtained the gold medal at the Guildhall School of Music, which is given with the title of A.G.S.M. This is the highest award obtainable at the school, and the event naturally caused considerable interest as being the first occasion that this honour has been won by a 'cellist. Another point to be noted in regard to this distinction is that Miss Theobald is the youngest student who has ever been made an Associate. She had previously gained the school prize for the best performance on the 'cello and also the silver medal. Miss Theobald began the 'cello at a very early age, but did not contemplate taking to it as a profession until recommended to do so by her master and other musicians. She is a believer in steady hard work, practising regularly some seven or eight hours a day. Those who have a practical knowledge



MISS WINIFRED PEAKE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

of stringed instruments, or even of the piano, know what that means from the point of view of physical exertion alone. She is the happy possessor of a very fine instrument, made by Guarnerius in the year 1689, which is in excellent preservation. As only three 'cellos by this celebrated maker are known to exist, Miss Theobald may be congratulated on such a treasure. Miss Theobald's first master was M. Gustave Libotton.

For some years she has had the advantage of tuition from Chevalier Ernest de Munk, a player of very great ability and high reputation. Miss Theobald inherits some of her musical tastes from her father, Mr. William Theobald, of St. Swithin's Lane, who was for a long



Photo by E. Scannell, Crouch Hill, N.

MISS MINNIE THEOBALD.

while the superintendent of the tenors in Mr. Henry Leslie's celebrated choir. Perhaps some may be interested in learning that she has been a vegetarian since she was nine years of age.

THE LATE COMTE DE PARIS.

The Comte de Paris was laid to rest on Wednesday amid a group of thoroughly representative Frenchmen, for not a few Republicans and Imperialists, French residents in London, had come to pay by their presence a last token of respect to the man who had always worthily represented his country when it was possible for him to do so.

To the Duc d'Aumale, a still upright, soldierly figure, and his brothers, De Nemours and De Joinville, the scene in the little Catholic chapel at Weybridge must have recalled many bitter, heart-breaking memories. There, in turn, these three have followed the coffins of their father, Louis Philippe, of Queen Marie Amélie, and of the Duchesse d'Orléans, the good mother to whom the Comte de Paris owed his best qualities.

The presence of seven French Dukes, headed by De Noailles and Fitz-James, proved conclusively that the old Legitimist nobility mean to offer the Comte de Paris' son the allegiance claimed by Don Carlos; yet there were not many young men among the hundreds of Frenchmen who had crossed the Channel in order to attend the Comte's funeral, and the Duc d'Orléans will seemingly have to form his own bodyguard of faithful followers and friends. The young Duc de Luynes, who, accompanied by his wife and mother-in-law, the Duchesse d'Uzès, came immediately after the Orleans family in the *cortège*, has long been, and is likely to remain, the *fidus Achates* of the conscript Prince. It was he who assisted Philippe d'Orléans in the latter's wild escapade, and, it is said, counselled him to break his engagement with his cousin, Margaret de Chartres, the one ugly blot on the Prince's past career. The intimacy between the Orleans Princesses and the Prince of Wales's family has always been of a close nature, and the presence of the Duke of York in the chapel at Weybridge showed the respect and affection felt by the Queen and her son for the Comtesse de Paris and her daughters, for this has been the first occasion since the Duke of Clarence's death when an heir-presumptive has been asked to represent the Queen at royal obsequies.

It is curious to note how the death of the Comte has awakened all sorts of memories attaching to his house. Whatever the fate of its male members, the Orleans family have always been singularly fortunate in their women, and more than one of the late Comte de Paris' aunts were distinguished for their intellectual qualities. Of his daughter Marie Louise, Queen of the Belgians, Louis Philippe used to say, "Louise can grasp many questions beyond the reach of most statesmen," and during the eighteen years of her married life she proved herself a wise and gentle queen to Leopold. In the "Life of the Prince Consort" there is frequent mention of "Aunt Louise," for the Queen, as is well known, was tenderly attached to the King of the Belgians, and was in daily communication with Brussels. Born in exile—namely, at Palermo in 1812—as have been many members of the house of Orleans, Queen Louise was married in 1832, and died after having seen the total destruction of her father's *bourgeois* kingship, two years after fateful '48. The Empress Charlotte of Mexico inherited her beauty from her mother, but utterly lacked the sense and ballast which had been characteristic of Marie Amélie's eldest daughter.

Probably few people who read the *Court Circular* last week realised till then how close was the connection between the Queen and the late Comte de Paris. Not only was he by marriage a near relative of the Prince Consort, but since the visit paid by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to Eu, in September, 1843, just fifty-one years ago, the English Court has always remained on intimate terms with the family. Louis Philippe had at one time, it is said, cherished the idea of arranging or bringing about a marriage between the Queen of England and one of his own sons! Be this as it may, he always attached the greatest importance to an alliance with Great Britain, and his satisfaction in receiving the young Queen was very marked, the King, notwithstanding his age, going down to meet her at Tréport, and, later on, giving her and the Prince Consort a pleasant glimpse of French life as led in a large *château*. The Queen became fondly attached to Louis Philippe's Protestant daughter-in-law, a Princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Comte de Paris' mother, and, notwithstanding the coldness brought about by the Spanish marriage, their friendship endured till the Duchesse d'Orléans' death, which occurred in England fifteen years after Queen Victoria had first seen her, the most charming member of the family group which Louis Philippe had arranged to favourably impress the British Sovereign on her first visit to the French Court. That meeting, which is represented in the accompanying illustration with such an amount of old-fashioned prettiness, must be full of memories for the Queen, who has outlived nearly all the celebrities she then met.



THE LATE PRINCESS LOUISE MARIA THERESA OF ORLEANS, QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS, AUNT OF THE COMTE DE PARIS.



CANON WILBERFORCE'S NEW HOME.

Photographs by Russell, Baker Street.

One of the earliest results of Canon Basil Wilberforce's migration from Southampton to Westminster has been the creation of a unique dining-room at his residence, 20, Dean's Yard. Appropriately for such an eminent temperance advocate, one of the first things the Canon did on taking possession of his new home was to demolish the wine-cellar. And this action had a speedy reward in the discovery of a crypt of graceful proportions, with a roof decorated in an exquisite style. As each cart-load of plaster, which had hitherto hidden the beauties of the place, was removed by the masons the interest of the chamber increased. Fortunately, the groins and roses are in splendid condition, and no refectory in London can boast of a roof so delightful to the antiquary. The floor of what was previously the wine-cellar and coal-cellar is now relaid with wood blocks; windows have been revealed and now light the room admirably; and an arched doorway of the time of Henry the Eighth's reign adds a fitting threshold. The decorating firm of Messrs. Green and Abbott, of 473, Oxford Street, have earned the gratitude of Canon Wilberforce and all those who will hereafter enjoy these "revelations" by the skilful and artistic way in which they carried out their explorations. Upstairs, a bed-room, which had hitherto presented no extraordinary appearance, has been found to possess most curious frescoes on its walls. As soon as the wall-paper had been peeled off, the action of the air caused these designs to flake away, but boiling wax was applied to the frescoes, by Mr. W. B. Richmond's advice, with the fortunate result that they seem now in a secure state of preservation. It is probable that the frescoes were done by Italians about six centuries ago, a hypothesis founded on the frequent appearance of the Mediterranean fish called hippocampus in the design. Fine oak panelling is on the north wall, and possibly the ceiling may repay still

further research. The chamber in its restored state makes a charming sitting-room, a perpetual pleasure to the eye and the historic sense. Perhaps this action of Canon Wilberforce may reassure those nervous people who imagine that he is a Radical, with no taste or satisfaction in the past. A former Dean of the Abbey where he holds his canonry had a delightfully terse compliment paid to his memory by Sir George Trevelyan. In the best biography of the last thirty years—"The Life



THE DINING-ROOM.

and Letters of Lord Macaulay"—one reads of how Dean Stanley removed the barrier which prevented public access to certain portions of Westminster Abbey, and a footnote runs to the effect that this was not the only barrier Dean Stanley removed in the cause of the people.

Canon Wilberforce's eloquent pleading has annihilated not a few wine-cellar; in his own home the demolition of a wine-cellar has added to London a dining-room of unique interest.

A propos the Abbey, and the restoration which has just taken place there, it may be noted how very different was the treatment meted out to our great national monuments in the past from what it is to-day. Take St. Paul's, for instance. Someone has said of the Cathedral that it was turned into a sort of Burlington Arcade. As far back as 1411 a proclamation was issued "that no manere man ne child, of what estate or condicioun that he be, be so hardy to wrestell or make any wrestyng within the Seintuary ne the boundes of Poules." In the reign of Queen Mary there was a public prohibition of the carriage through the building of great vessels full of ale and beer, great baskets full of bread, fish, fruit, and such other things, bales of stuff, and also the leading of mules, horses, and beasts. Laymen were not the only sinners; the Cathedral was also turned to account for their own convenience by the clergy themselves. There was so much attention to private interests and so little thought given to the Cathedral that it is surprising the building was not consumed at an earlier date. That has all changed.



THE FRESCOED SITTING-ROOM.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THREE MEN.

BY DAVID S. MELDRUM.

Three men whom I knew in my schoolboy days hang in a cluster in my memory. For, being privileged to observe the end of two of them, from the vantage of the kirk-yard wall, I have to thank the third, Sandy Bone. In the economy of St. Brise, Sandy was at most an ornament. I remember

him, indeed, as a point of etiquette, for it had come to be the mind of the town's inhabitants that a funeral at which Sandy was not present was lacking in ceremony, if not in decorum. He was considered almost as necessary as the corpse. Otherwise the neighbours summed up Sandy in a paradoxical phrase, saying of him that he "had a want." In other words, they held him a simpleton, and, except in one little matter on the occasion of his father's death, they never had cause to be in doubt on that point. But that little matter was crucial. When Michael Tosh, the writer, read



"Hay! and wha's to look efter Tam?"

out the clause in old Bone's will which instructed that Sandy was to be left in the care of his brother, Thomas Bone, Sandy said—

"Hay! and wha's to look efter Tam?"

As Tam was well known to them, the neighbours could not deny Sandy one luminous observation. It was followed, however, by Sandy's rendering to his brother years of faithful service, with which nothing interfered save a hankering after funerals. As a rule, due notice of these events was given him, thus preventing unexpected deviations from the bee-line between his brother's house and his destination which otherwise he should have made. There were times, however, when he chanced upon a funeral *cortège* by the way, and then all business was set aside until he had seen the defunct properly in earth. In anticipation of these unannounced ceremonies, Sandy adopted a constant habit of formal black cloth. This led to frequent expostulations from Tam anent the cost of his up-keep; but, as Sandy was obdurate, Tam had to draw what consolation he might from the reflection that if his messenger was daft he was, at any rate, always decent.

In time Sandy fell to spending his leisure hours awaiting results in the doorways of the sick. Thus in St. Brise the worst you could wish for your enemy was that Sandy might issue from his portals smilingly. Sandy, in fact, was an ambulatory bulletin of every invalid in the parish. The dweller in the East End with a friend at death's door as far west as the Vennel turned in his journey of inquiry when Sandy beamed on the western horizon. On the other hand, the degree of indignation in Sandy's tone when he observed, "He's no' deid yet," was a proper gauge of the patient's chances. From this it will be learned that Sandy's attendance at these obsequies was less

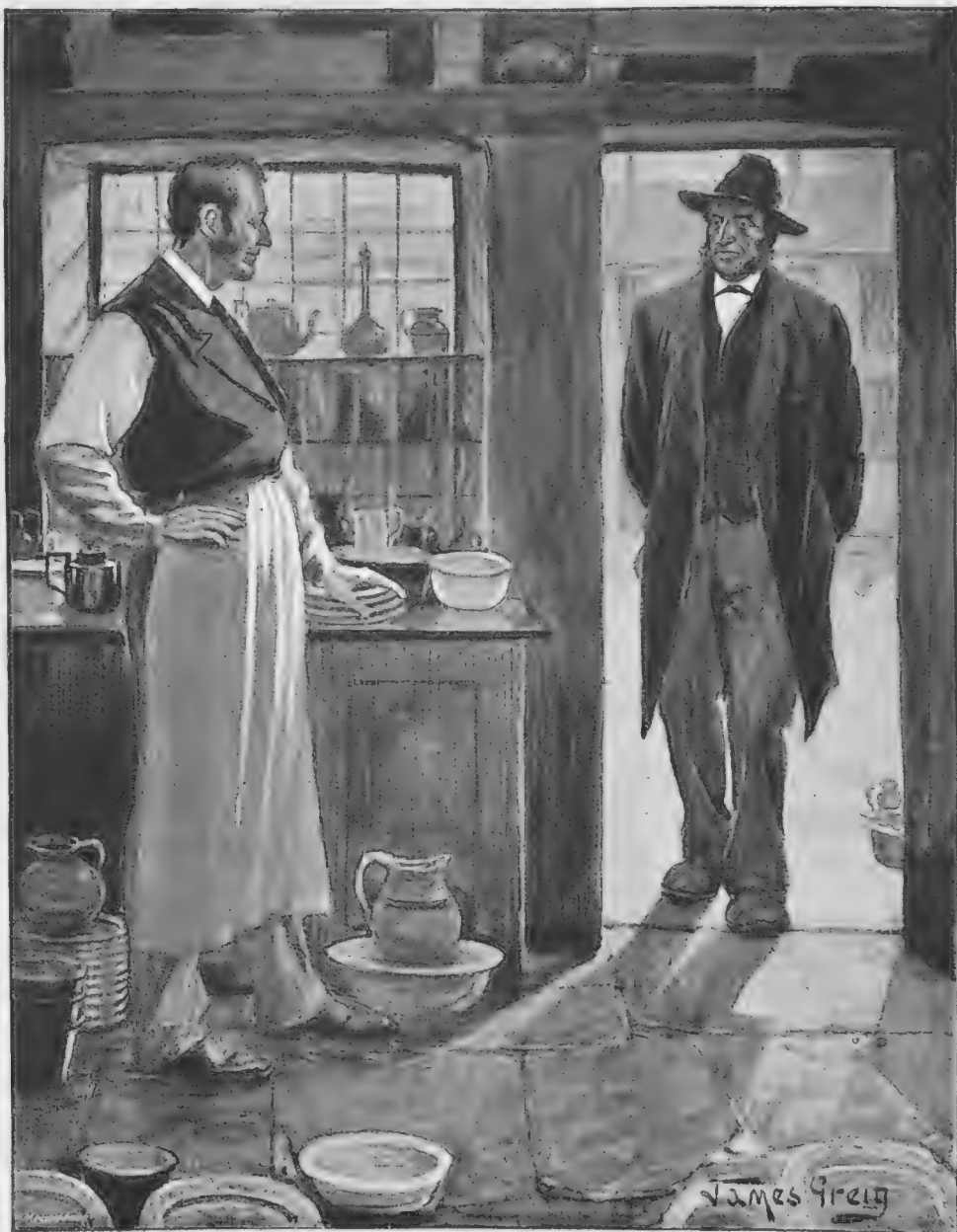
a compliment to the deceased than an indulgence in a luxury; but it is right to state that, having wallowed in the joys of anticipation on the days preceding the funeral, he took that pleasure sadly.

One mid-day Sandy overtook me near the head of the Kirk Wynd.

"Nae mair glassies, laddie!" was what he said to me. "Glassies," it has to be explained, were a superior marble, reserved from the hazards of "hashy" for delicate manipulation in "ringy," and I knew that Sandy was referring to the death of China-John-Bain-Stoneware, with whom we dealt in these treasures. In hailing me, he had not slackened in his gait, but caught me up in his haste and whirled me along with him. In this way I came to be present at the grave of John Bain, and saw it swallow up in victory his arch-enemy, Geordie Dodge.

John Bain and Geordie Dodge lived over against each other in the narrow High Street for thirty years, during the greater part of which time they "glowered" at each other through their dirty window-panes. At twenty-five Geordie had been radiant with the hope of taking Janet, John's daughter, to wife, but her father was a snuffer to that flame. Before "China-John-Bain-Stoneware" appeared as a legend above a door and a window full of potter's ware at the corner of Dishington's Wynd, John Bain was the town's bell-man. It would have been better for him had he tinkled it all his days, for he climbed to the chinaware business over Geordie's head, and Geordie sent him to his grave of sheer unforgiveness.

The merchant whom China-John succeeded was Athie Dick, and Geordie was his shopman. When, one night, Athie, returning with a very full sheet from Pathhead Races, overshot his close-mouth and slipped over the West Pier Head, Geordie sorrowed, but not as one who had no hope. Already he saw Athie's memory and name wiped out with a paint-brush, and his own established over the lintel. At the funeral the grief which his face wore was tinged with triumph. One who entered unexpectedly the room in which Geordie had been left alone with the body found him playing leap-frog over the coffin. It is certain that before the corpse was "lifted" he roused the jealousy of John Bain, who was the widow's brother, and, therefore, rightful master of the ceremonies. This was the more easily done that John had been



John Bain's tall figure appeared in the doorway.

considerably put out by the effect of Sandy Cameron's prayer, which, although not so long as his own (for Sandy prayed first), made the widow's sobs resound, whereas his could broach a snivel only. As Sandy was a mere burgher, this caused John to decline in the eyes of the anti-burghers present. In their head-shakings over the failure of their man, they did not allow for the fact that in Mrs. Dick's nostrils John's unction had a rival in a smell of burning joint, which issued from the kitchen and caused her great alarm. Had Mrs. Dick served a burnt meal to the mourners, her reputation as a good wife would have suffered as much as if she had stinted the whisky or had sat down to eat and drink with her guests.

When the last mourner had fired his shot of condolence and fled at the delivery, Geordie broached the matter of the shop, being not a little proud of his delicacy in delaying to sound the widow on that matter until

Mrs. Dick had told John, who, however, thought it prudent to ignore the question. Nimbleness in reply was John's strong point. When his first wife on her death-bed asked him to promise that he would not marry again, he said to her, "Kirsty, my dear, you'll never live to see that." And she passed away in that blessed assurance. When I knew him, John had buried a second wife, and looked as if he should have liked to bury a third.

So John replied to Geordie, "You were quite right in applying," and thus secured that the business would not lose by the shopman's inattention. By the week's end—having disposed of the bell to advantage in the meantime—he entered into possession himself, and turned Geordie out of doors, a blighted man. Everything was lost. Janet married as became a shopkeeper's daughter, and Geordie was left a single man, with a single aim in life—the humiliation of John Bain. Geordie's efforts to that end were as mean as his worldly condition. His first step was to take a shop opposite John's, with the intention of making candles in it, being convinced that the fumes of the tallow would send buyers of china to Meg Malcolm's rival store at the other end of the town. This succeeded so well that John obtained an injunction against the tallow business. Although Geordie had to make his candles in a less influential neighbourhood, he continued to sell them here because of the opportunities it gave him of laughing at his rival's misfortunes—as, for example, when the wind swept up from the sea and littered the pavements with ware. How I came to know Geordie is a story for another day. I must have known him pretty well before he took me into his house from the seaward side, saying, "Here, and I'll show you rare fun! Look through that windy!" I did as he told me. The gloaming had descended on the grey street, and already in China-John's window a single gas-jet was reflected in bowl and platter. Geordie closed his door, and from his cupboard produced a long pea-shooter, which he placed at an upward angle at the keyhole. Evidently he had been at the game before. A pea landed with an unerring rattle on the ware, and I saw John issue and look east and west for the urchins who, he supposed, were playing tricks with his crockery.

"Is he oot?" Geordie cried from his place at the keyhole.

"He's gone back again," I replied. A second time a pea rattled on the ware opposite, and again John appeared.

"The third time'll do it," said Geordie in great excitement. He allowed a minute to elapse ere he put his mouth to the shooter. Then he rushed to my side.

"Look at 'im! Look at 'im!" he cried: and there was John rushing up Dishington's, with a besom in his hand, after imaginary urchins.

I enjoyed the fun then. It was not until this day at Sandy Bone's side that I realised that Geordie had spent his life in wearing out that of his neighbour, and that I was at the graveside of a man who had died of small insults. As I turned into the kirk-yard, Sandy Bone hastened down the wynd to be in time for the "lifting." I found Alee, the grave-digger, radiant.

"See what I've nippit!" he said. He whipped from the pocket of his moleskins a set of false teeth, clear and beautiful. I wondered for a moment at his emotion, but he chuckled, "I dug them up thi day. They're worth five pound!"

"Havers, man!" I said.

"A fact! Aye, ten pound." Then he leant over to me impressively. "I ken wha they belonged to," he said.

The hearse had crept up the winding street with its load of China-John. The mourners gathered round the grave, and the coffin was lowered to it. There was an awkward pause. Alee's treasure-trove had turned his head, and for once in his life he had made a mistake. China-John's coffin was too big for the grave, and it

stuck fast. Then I sealed the wall and watched the fun from on top of it. Alee was perspiring with chagrin, and I saw Geordie make his way through the crowd of long-jowled mourners. He looked at the coffin for a minute. Then, with his heel, he smashed it ferociously on the lid.

"Ye were aye a camsteerie deevil!" he said. His kick relieved the coffin, which lumbered into the grave, end on, pinning Geordie, who had fallen in with it against the dank side, and hugging the life out of him.

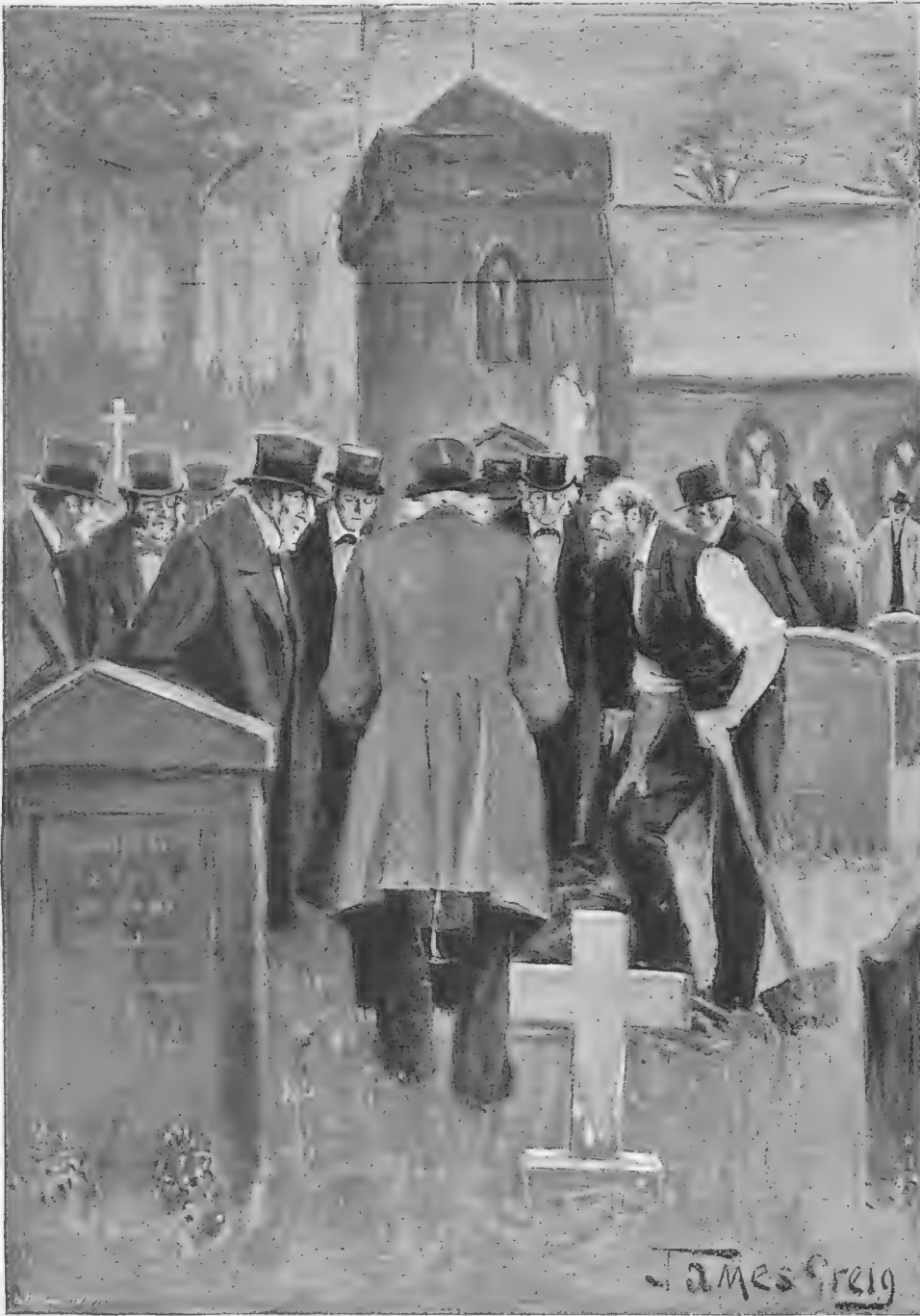
Sandy Bone's decorum vanished at the success of that day's work. As they lifted the newly-dead man from the grasp of his confined rival, and bore him away to his candle-shop to be washed and laid out, Sandy sidled up to me on the wall.

"By G—d!" he said longingly, "I wish Chiney-John could be buried again."

QUESTIONABLE PARTIALITY.

PENDIT: "I shall never send anything to *Scribbler's Magazine* again; they kept my manuscript a year before returning it."

SENDIT: "They always return mine very promptly."—*Judge*.



China-John's coffin was too big for the grave, and it stuck fast.

the body was clear of the house. He drew from his pocket a lump sum which he was willing to pay down; the remainder of the price was to come in weekly instalments. Mrs. Dick, who was drying her eyes with her black wrapper, which she had doffed against the tidying-up, received the proposal so graciously that next morning Geordie opened the shop in triumph, and filed the chinaware out to the causeway with the very air of propriety.

Towards noon John Bain's tall figure appeared in the doorway, barring the sunshine from the china shop for an instant and from Geordie's life for ever.

"This is a great blank," he said.

Geordie, whose soul was lifted up at the thought of having drawn a prize, replied cheerfully—

"Aye, man, aye!"

"The Lord gives and the Lord taketh away," John continued, leaving Geordie full of admiration for a method which took in order that it might give. Unable quite to repress this view of the matter, he replied—

"Yes, man! It's very strange hoo things tak' a turn. Mrs. Dick would tell ye I had applied for the shop?"

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE BURDEN OF CHOICE.*

It is an old story, the story of the ass between two bundles of hay, but it is always taking new shapes; to no two human beings is the offered choice quite the same. It changes, as human nature changes, and therefore each storyteller may tell it again with a good heart. In "Disillusion" Miss Dorothy Leighton gives us the alternatives in their newest and most contemporary form, and dull will be the reader who does not find in the book something which comes home to his daily knowledge.

The central figure is Mark Sergison, a young dramatist, who stands between two women. One of them is his comrade, intellectually and morally; the other he loves. Celia, the beloved woman, has her two bundles of hay, too: one is Mark Sergison; the other is Alec Watson, a City man by grandfatherly compulsion, a society idler and philanderer



Photo by Fry and Son, Onslow Gardens, S.W.

DOROTHY LEIGHTON (MISS ETHEL FORSYTH)

by personal inclination. Neither of the men is quite satisfactorily drawn: Mark's deeds and words are all right enough, but he lacks personality a little; while the picture of Alec is warped by perceptible strokes of scorn and animosity. His fatuity and blatant selfishness are so accentuated that we begin to wonder how Celia could have continued to put up with his visits. The two women, on the other hand, are excellent. Linda is one of the admirable but alarming people who live by first principles, and desire to impose the same regimen upon their neighbours. She is, at the opening of the story, a noble, thoughtful, crude, intolerant, exasperating young creature, of very limited experience, and she ripens, as such young creatures often do, into a wise, just, and generous woman. Celia, her rival, is not inexperienced at all. She is a practised society coquette, with a profound distrust of men, no interest in women, and a supreme regard for herself. With all this, she is, in the main, honest and outspoken, distinctly witty, and we feel her, even through the cold medium of the printed page, to be excellent company, which Linda, at that stage, assuredly was not. Celia, being left alone in the world, and comparatively ill off, hesitated. She would have married Alec—probably—if he had asked her, but he made no move in that direction, and Mark did; so she married Mark. His view of marriage involved perfect freedom of action on both sides. "You will never be bound," he told her, "by anything but your own conscience—that is to say, your highest ideas of duty." Celia

reflected that a marriage of this sort would be very comfortable. "With Mark for a husband, she could have Alec as a friend. She knew well that with Alec as a husband no other man would be suffered as her friend. Clearly, therefore, to marry Mark would be to achieve all that a woman could expect." And so she took that bundle, and, having taken it, began shortly to repent. Her husband's income and position did not allow her the social gaieties to which she had been accustomed; being sure of his affection, she did not care for it; she hated his friends, was indifferent to his ideas, and resented his calm trust in herself. Mark, who had chosen out of genuine feeling, did not repent at all, although his marriage gave him little beyond Celia's presence in his house. By-and-by the pair returned to London life. She took up her flirtation with Alec Watson; he resumed his friendship with Linda Grey. The rift grew wider, and at last Celia, yielding as much to her own weariness and impatience as to her lover's wooing, left her husband and child. Mark, whose love had never diminished, suffered horribly, but found some comfort in Linda's staunch and calm companionship. Then came an evening when the child had been ill, and Linda had cared for him. Mark and Linda were sitting, tired out, by the sleeping child's cot. Mark's thoughts had gone back to the early days of the baby's life, and to a memory of Celia sitting as Linda sat. Carried away by loneliness and longing, he suddenly seized Linda in his arms, and kissed her again and again. It was the mad outburst of a moment, but Linda, who, behind her strong self-control, had long loved him, took it as the expression of a feeling like her own and answered with a frank confession. Mark, horrified at what he had done, doubted whether to tell her the whole truth, or to keep up the mistake and try to make her happy. While he still doubted, Celia returned. The divorce which she desired had been pronounced, months before; she had no claims, but she was ill and unhappy, and turned to the faithful love which, when she was sure of it, she valued so little. "Oh, Mark," the poor little broken butterfly sighs, "I don't want anyone but you." To Mark those words are reward enough for all that he has suffered. His only longing is to keep her and save her life. Next day he tells the whole truth to Linda, who is at first, naturally enough, very angry. A night's reflection, however, restores to her her admirably truthful sense of justice, and she writes to Mark that she is still his steadfast and true friend. In the intervening hours Celia has died, and the book closes with Mark standing between his dead love and his living friendship.

On the whole, emphatically a story worth writing and a story well written. Too often a problem-novel is all problem and no novel, but in "Disillusion" character and story are by no means crowded out. Many of the conversations are brilliant, and the general remarks that arise, not too frequently, in the narrative are full of thought and observation. Here is one, taken almost at random, for an example: "He thought just deeply enough to make him read, but he read not deeply enough to make him think." This particular weakness of Mr. Alec Watson's will hardly be shared by the readers of "Disillusion." It is easy reading enough for the idlest, but even the idle will not be able to read it without being made to think, for the time at least, about some of the real problems of human relation.

THE LOVERS' LULLABY.*

A swain at eve lay piping on the plains of Arcady,
While his sweetheart nestled by him, 'neath a rosy apple-tree;
Around them twain the shadows creep,
As soft he sings his love to sleep—

"Here in happy Arcady,
Love is lord of sky and sea;
Sings the starling,
'Kiss thy darling,'
While the dove
Doth bid us 'Love!'
All the birds in all the sky
Trill the lovers' lullaby."

The maiden raised her head and gazed into his loving eyes,
And the leaves fall whisp'ring o'er them, as the twilight softly flies:

"Or ere we rest thy true love prove,
Kiss me good-night." "Good-night, my love."

"Here in happy Arcady
Love is lord of sky and sea;
Sings the starling,
'Kiss thy darling,'
While the dove
Doth bid us 'Love!'
All the birds in all the sky
Trill the lovers' lullaby."

MARK AMBIENT.

* "Disillusion: A Story with a Preface." By Dorothy Leighton. Three vols. London: Henry and Co.

* Set to music by Franco Leoni: published by Boosey and Co.

THEATRICAL FAMILIES.

II.—MISS JULIA NEILSON AND THE HANBURYS.

Beauty is far from being always joined to histrionic talent, and when it is the playgoer should rejoice exceedingly, especially when the beauty is of the fine, enduring character possessed by Miss Julia Neilson and her



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S. W.

MISS JULIA NEILSON (MRS. FRED TERRY) IN "ONCE UPON A TIME."

two lovely cousins, Miss Lily and Miss Hilda Hanbury. Though bearing a considerable resemblance to one another, they are each strongly individual, regarding the art to which they are equally devoted from very different standpoints, and a performance which would bring the three into juxtaposition should prove of more than usual psychological interest.

Miss Julia Neilson was the first member of her family to join "the profession," and can claim no connection with her lovely namesake and predecessor, Adelaide Neilson, although both owed their names to a Scotch father. Like many a modern English actress, Miss Neilson made her way to the stage through the Royal Academy of Music. Her childhood was spent at Wiesbaden, and it was there that she laid the foundation of her musical education and became an excellent German scholar. At the age of sixteen she entered the Royal Academy with a view to becoming a pianist, but, guided by the advice of Professor Randegger and Sir Joseph (then Mr.) Barnby, she determined to cultivate her voice, which is even now—though few of her friends know it—a remarkably sweet and powerful mezzo-soprano. In quick succession she won the Llewellyn-Thomas Gold Medal for declamatory singing, the Sainton-Dolby Prize, and the Westmorland Scholarship, and a brilliant concert and operatic career seemed within easy reach of the beautiful young student, when some amateur theatricals suddenly revealed both to herself and her critics where lay her real vocation. Mr. W. S. Gilbert, ever on the watch for new talent, came, saw, and was conquered. Within a few weeks, Miss Neilson made her professional debut at the Lyceum, on the

afternoon of March 21, 1888, playing Cynisca to Miss Mary Anderson's Galatea.

Those who had the rare good fortune to see this performance must have rejoiced in the knowledge that they would not be called upon to act the part once assigned to luckless Paris, for the awarding of the golden apple would have been no easy task, although the one actress had won a world-wide reputation for beauty, while the other was an unknown and timid *débutante*.

In the last six years the Cynisca of that eventful day has played many parts; for her specially was written "Brantingham Hall," and if anything could have saved Mr. Gilbert's unfortunate play it would have been the young actress's clever rendering of Ruth Redmayne, the Australian widow. Her eventful connection with the Haymarket Theatre commenced in the following year with her taking the part of Julie in "A Man's Shadow," and she soon became a valuable member of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's brilliant company, showing on more than one occasion considerable versatility, as when, at a few hours' notice, she undertook to act Lois in "The Ballad-Monger," and acquitted herself excellently.

Perhaps it is as Drusilla Ives, the fantastic, wayward Quakeress Dancing Girl that Miss Neilson stands out most clearly to the London pittance—most discerning and shrewdest of playgoers. It has remained her favourite part; her personality seemed woven into the rôle, and has been immortalised by more than one painter—notably, the Hon. John Collier, whose "Dancing Girl" was one of the pictures of the year in the Academy of '92. While acting the title-part of Mr. Jones's play, Miss Neilson became the wife of Mr. Fred Terry, and so joined the distinguished family group of players of whom the English stage has so much reason to be proud. During the last two years Miss Julia Neilson's name has been seldom out of the bill; she was the Lady Ormond in "Peril," she created the title-part in "Hypatia," and in both "A Woman of No Importance" and "The Tempter" added greatly to the finish and charms of Mr. Tree's productions.

Miss Lily Hanbury has, up to a certain point, followed her lovely cousin's example very closely. She, also, first appeared in "Pygmalion and Galatea," and counts Mr. Gilbert among her most faithful friends and admirers. It was natural that she should become, at least for a time, Miss Julia Neilson's *alter ego*, and those who saw her during the course of Mr. Tree's provincial tour taking first one and then another of her cousin's parts found that she had turned her still slight knowledge of stagecraft to good purpose.

Perhaps London audiences first realised what a serious rival Miss Julia Neilson possessed in her fair double when they saw the latter as Lady Noeline Belturbet in Mr. Pinero's "Amazons." Unlike the generality of women, Miss Hanbury can wear with charming grace the coat, knickerbockers, and gaiter form of costume fast becoming such a vexed question among us, and in her corduroy shooting suit Lady Noeline challenged comparison with all and any of her predecessors who have won fame alternately as Viola or Rosalind.

Miss Lily Hanbury is now touring with Mr. Beerbohm Tree, but more than one London manager hopes to secure her for this winter. Miss Hilda Hanbury, though as yet little known in London, is following in her sister's footsteps, and has already become popular in the provinces, where she has acted most of the parts originally played by Miss Julia Neilson and Miss Lily Hanbury. Her most recent appearance in town was at the Strand Theatre, where she took part in "Jaunty Jane Shore."



MISSSES LILY AND HILDA HANBURY.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MISS HILDA HANBURY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK DICKINS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

MR. FRED TERRY.

With every taste and sentiment in common, and each devoted to the beloved art, while strongly imbued with the knowledge of the necessity of hard, conscientious study to bring it to perfection, it is little wonder that, young as they are, Mr. Fred Terry and his wife, Julia Neilson, have so rapidly become popular players. Combined with physical advantages of the finest type, each possesses characteristics which, reacting on the other, form a suitable and harmonious whole.

The young actor, with the unmistakable Terry face—so strongly resembling his gifted sisters, Kate (Mrs. Arthur Lewis), Ellen, Marion,



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

MR. FRED TERRY.

and Flossie (Mrs. Morris)—is the youngest of the family. He, happily, likewise shares the rich, musical voice, the grace and ease of person and of manner which so distinguish the quartette.

He was born in London, and educated in France and Geneva. Evincing in his early days signs of shrewd, practical common-sense, it had been decided to put him into commerce, but fate had decreed otherwise, and a chance incident entirely changed his intended career. One morning he happened to be present at a rehearsal of "Money" at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tottenham Court Road. Mr. Bancroft asked him if he had any intention of adopting the stage as a profession. "None," replied the lad; "I should be afraid; I am far too nervous." Five minutes' conversation ensued, and his circumstances in life were altered. He was invited to "walk on" at a small weekly salary, and, his "stage-fright" being overcome, his next part was Bertie Fitzurse, with his sister Ellen, in "New Men and Old Acres."

But not all of a sudden did he bound into success. With sound judgment, he at once realised that whatever latent talent he possessed must be developed and cultivated by hard work, and, as there is no better school for this than the provinces, he served his apprenticeship in sundry tours with Mr. Charles Kelly, Mrs. Chippendale, and other stock companies, where he gained the reputation of having thoroughly studied every part and of always being ready to take any.

Having so well qualified himself, an engagement in London soon followed as a matter of course, and his first success was scored at the Lyceum Theatre on the revival of "Twelfth Night," when he played with marvellous *aplomb* the part of Sebastian to the Viola of Ellen Terry. After the run of this piece Mr. Fred Terry fulfilled sundry engagements with Mr. Edgar Bruce and Miss Fortescue's companies respectively, and his next venture was a trip to America with Miss Fortescue.

On his return to England, his London career began in good earnest with the production of "The Pompour," in which he played Eugene

Lambert, at the Haymarket. Since that time he has largely increased his *répertoire*, and has played the twin brothers, George and Gerard Anstruther, in "Marina"—Mr. John Coleman's version of "Mr. Barnes of New York"—Olivier Deschamps in "Esther Sandraz," Charles Surface in "The School for Scandal," and the Dauphin in "King John."

Steadily working his way upwards, during the last three or four years he has taken the parts of Prince Alexis in "The Red Lamp," Mr. Gardiner in "Captain Swift," at revivals, and the original parts of Christison in "The Dancing Girl," of Gerald Arbuthnot in "A Woman of No Importance," of Philammon in "Hypatia," and of Prince Leon of Auvergne in "The Tempter"; but the play which has the strongest association in his memory is "Comedy and Tragedy," in which Mr. Tree asked him to take the rôle of D'Aulnay, for it was then that he first met Miss Julia Neilson, who was acting Clarice.

"I have the greatest difficulty," says the young actor, "in learning my words, and feel frightened to death behind the scenes, but once on the stage I get over it immediately. I love my profession with all my heart—more and more as time goes on."

The pretty little flat where this charming young pair of players have located themselves is thoroughly artistic in all its surroundings. On the right side of the wall, just where it catches the best light, hangs, from ceiling to floor, a life-size and masterly oil-painting—executed and presented by the Hon. John Collier—of Miss Neilson as Drusilla Ives, clad in her long robe of *vieille rose*, which, standing out in bold relief against the crimson curtain, presents an exquisite effect of colour. Proofs after well-known pictures, such as Arthur Hacker and Waller, and a good photograph of the actress as Hypatia, in the dress designed by Alma-Tadema, are tastefully framed in black and silver, and contrast well with the delicately-tinted walls. A few, but well-chosen, pieces of Chippendale furniture, a grand piano, a grandfather clock, and some comfortable lounges, together with a "silver table," complete the snug interior. To this table Mr. Terry draws particular attention, as it contains some others of their most cherished treasures. Here is Mrs. Terry's prize gold medal: the handsome silver box was a present from Mr. Tree, in memory of "Tragedy and Comedy," as also was the bracelet. The paste star used in "Charles the First" by Mr. Irving was his gift, and the miniature of Fred Terry's beloved and lamented mother here finds a resting-place, together with many valued remembrances. Both husband and wife have what they call a "mania" for attending art sales, and among many dainty curios thus picked up is yonder quaint old brass lamp of antique



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

IN "ONCE UPON A TIME."

design and a fine proof-engraving, after Orchardson, of the boat scene in "Charles the First," depicting Ellen Terry, Henry Irving, and William Terriss, with autographs below.

Caring comparatively little for general society, though both are so eminently fitted to adorn it, the young pair have settled themselves down with the determination to study diligently, and to lose no opportunity of advancing themselves in their mutual profession.

H. C. D.



MISSSES LILY AND HILDA HANBURY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET.

HOURS D'ŒUVRES.

The Silly Season may be responsible for much absurdity in those persons or things that have to come before the public during its continuance. When the huge and extremely bad joke called Parliament is out of the public view, minor absurdities, such as Trades Union Congresses and the like, seem bent on aping the big bovine imbecility by inflating their own batrachian dimensions with whatever wind or gas is handy. And this year our "Labor Parliament," as very Progressive persons spell it—though why not also drop the "i" in Parliament?—has emitted a quite disproportionate amount of folly.

Not only is there the usual necessary folly in the sweeping resolutions passed on things in general, but there is a quite superfluous folly of manner. The restriction of the hours of work in bakehouses is probably a reform much needed in the interests of the health alike of bakers and consumers of bread. It was therefore natural, and, indeed, sensible, that a resolution should be passed in favour of the eight-hours system in bakehouses. But what was not sensible, what was, indeed, altogether imbecile and fatuous, was the lumping of all other trades with that of baking by a rider or amendment. An abstract resolution that not more than eight hours a day should be worked in any trade would have been foolish in substance, but correct in form; a resolution that the restriction of the hours worked in bakehouses was urgent would have been altogether sensible. But to mention bakehouses specially, and then casually put in all other trades and businesses as a sort of makeweight, was simply asinine.

Then, again, there was surely a superabundance of folly in the resolutions passed as to the Houses of Parliament. The Lords were to be abolished, of course, and the Commons were to reform their procedure by allowing the Government of the day to closure debate when, where, and how it chose on all occasions—which would be about as equitable as a law that in all lawsuits the counsel for the plaintiff should decide how long the defendant's advocate could speak. And the crowning folly was reached in the proposition that the State should own land, and (by a casual afterthought) all means of production, distribution, and exchange—"only that, and nothing more."

When you nationalise all these, there really does not seem to be much left for private ownership. Take our daily bread, for instance. The State must own the land, the agricultural implements, the seed, the manure, all "means of production"; the State must own mills and bakehouses; the State, of course, owns the shops, wholesale and retail, the "means of distribution"; and the money paid for bread, as a "means of exchange," ought by right to be public property, like the banks where it is kept. It would have been more simple and logical to declare that the State should own everything and do everything.

And then the question arises, Who or what is the State? Here the answer is not given, but is understood. The Lords are not the State; they must be abolished. Our Queen and her heirs are out of it. The Commons are menaced by the Trades Unionists; they must mind what they are about. I feel sure that what our good Trades Union delegates mean by the State of the future is their noble selves, neither more nor less. "Resolved, that the fatness and the fulness of the earth belong to the saints for ever." *Item*—"Resolved, that we are the saints."

The death of the Comte de Paris leaves Europe generally, and France in particular, singularly calm. He was a sort of pretender, *malgré lui*, or, in Kiplingese, "The man who would not be king." Like most of his name, he was a man of parts; like most of his name, he never quite did the right thing at the right time. He joined the right side in the American Civil War, but retired too soon; he backed Boulanger at the worst moment. Above all, he had the Orleans' vice of constitutionalism—neither frank despotism nor frank democracy. Like Louis Philippe, who accepted a fairly liberal Constitution and then contrived by underhand methods to make it of no effect, the Comte de Paris seemed blind to the realities of things. And the rock on which almost all his family of late have split has been England. The Regent was strong on the English side: *Égalité* lost his head by hankering after the British Constitution. Louis Philippe nearly lost his crown once or twice by clinging to the British alliance, and lost it really when he forfeited that friendship.

And Anglomania means political death in France. Was not Clémenceau ostracised because, being a friend of "Sir Dilke" and opposing French colonial ardour, he was branded as English and his former constituency trained to jeer at him and shout "Oh, yes!" MARMITON.

IN A STUDY.

SHE (*lugubriously*). I am afraid it is only too true.

HE (*puffing lazily*). What?

SHE. What it says here. (*Reads.*) "It must be conceded that marriage is a mistake for both. The man's ardour soon wears itself out, and the woman finds herself nothing but a slave to the paltry work of looking after a household, which a servant would do as well."

[*Stops, and looks across the hearthrug.*]

HE (*acquiescently*). Better, sometimes.

SHE (*quickly*). Then you agree?

HE. Don't you?

SHE. Perhaps; but I did hope we should be different.

HE. Why should we?

SHE (*angrily*). You don't seem to care. Perhaps you don't remember.

HE. What?

SHE. All the things you said before we married.

HE. No, I don't.

SHE (*reminiscently, looking round the room*). I remember you said how delightful the feeling of permanence and security would be. And when you were busy, how blissful the sense that I was in the room, quietly sewing—

[*She breaks off.*]

HE. Did I? But you never are quietly sewing.

SHE. And you never jump up to open the door for me now.

HE. You always go when I'm in the middle of a long word.

SHE. And you don't fetch my work-basket in from the drawing-room.

HE. Since I spilt it all down the stairs, and you got cross, I—

SHE (*interrupting*). It isn't I who am cross.

HE. You said the other day that you were not going to tell Sarah not to clean the study.

SHE. Neither I was! It must be cleaned.

HE. You used to say you should have a soft silk duster, and dust my papers yourself.

SHE. I never could have said silk. It's rubbish.

HE. And that no servant should touch them.

SHE. That was when I thought they were important.

HE (*angrily*). So they are!

SHE. There! You never used to speak to me in that tone!

HE. And you used to run and fetch my slippers when I came in wet.

SHE. And you used to run after me and never let me—

HE. Till you said I spoilt the stair-carpets.

SHE. So you did!

HE. Then we're quits?

SHE. I never thought it would end like this.

HE. What would end like what?

SHE. Being quits.

HE. Wouldn't you rather be quits?

SHE. No, I wouldn't! I thought marriage would be very different.

HE. How different?

SHE. I thought we should be *one*.

HE. So, of course, we are; but there are two of us.

SHE. And you like everything that I don't like, and don't like anything that I do like.

HE. And you don't like anything that I do like, and everything that I don't.

SHE. You used not think so.

HE. Neither did you.

SHE. You used to say that our tastes were exactly the same.

HE. Not in details.

SHE. Oh! details.

HE. Yes. Now we've got to the details, and they've worked out differently.

SHE. So we are separated just because of our details.

[*She rises and moves lingeringly to the door.*]

HE (*casually taking up his book*). Where are you going?

SHE. Into the drawing-room.

HE. The fire wasn't nearly so good as this one just now.

SHE. It doesn't matter.

HE. But I'm going out directly.

SHE (*turning*). Going out? Where?

HE. Oh! to that tiresome meeting.

SHE. What a bore! Must you go?

HE. I'm afraid so.

SHE (*sitting down again*). I wish you hadn't to go.

HE. So do I.

SHE. It's very comfortable by the fire to-night, isn't it?

HE (*acquiescently*). Very.

SHE (*presently, holding up her book*). Do you think, after all, this is true?

HE. What?

SHE. What this book says about marriage.

HE. What do you think?

SHE. I don't know.

HE. Neither do I (*rising and yawning*). Well, I must go.

SHE. Already! Come back as soon as you can.

HE (*smiling*). Why?

SHE. It's dull without you.

HE. Dull? I thought you hoped just now we should be different.

SHE (*smiling too*). No; I don't want anything different.

HE. Then the book is wrong?

SHE. Quite wrong.

G. S. CURRY.



MISS JULIA NEILSON IN "THE TEMPTER."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE MAIDENS OF MIKADOLAND.



HOW THEY AMUSE THEMSELVES.



HOW THEY DRESS FOR A HOLIDAY.

THE MAIDENS OF MIKADOLAND.



A JUVENILE PARTY.



HOW THEY PREPARE DINNER.

OLD OAKS AT WEST WICKHAM, KENT.

Photographic Illustrations by George Clinch.

One might search for a long time even among the beautifully-wooded valleys of West Kent and the adjacent Surrey border before finding a group of oak trees as hoary and as picturesque as those which grow in the fragment of ancient forest known as West Wickham Common.

The old oaks closely adjoin Hayes Common, and, indeed, they are only separated from it by the boundary mark which defines the limits of the two parishes; but they occupy by far the most diversified and



charming spots in the district. Situated on the side of the steep declivity by which the heath-covered expanse of Hayes Common is bounded on the south and south-west sides, they number about thirty examples, and many are very handsome specimens of their class. Some are bowed down to the earth with the weight of extreme age, while others, still in vigorous life, stand out as veritable kings of the forest, dominating the surrounding district, and realising John Brent's song—

The lordly oak that crowns each wood
For Kentish hearts a charm maintains,
And speaks of times when Kent withstood
The proud invader of her plains.

Artists and admirers of the beautiful in Nature have long ago learned to love these rugged, lichen-stained trunks. Millais made this the scene of his "Proscribed Royalist," and his rendering of the scenic beauties of the old forest, the marvellous texture of the oaks, the tall ferns and foxgloves which muffle their root-buttresses in green and gold and purple, is so vivid and true to Nature as to call forth the rapturous praises of Ruskin in his critical remarks upon the picture.

The hollow oak-tree which is generally understood to have served as the model may to this day be seen at West Wickham. It stands close by the steep part of the bridle-path which leads from Coney Hall Farm to the Fox Inn at Keston. These old timber giants have braved the storms and sunshine of centuries, and they may in their time have afforded shelter and sanctuary for fugitives from religious and political persecutions. Another celebrated tree, locally known as "The Gipsy Oak," stands near the highest point of the common, close by some ancient earthworks. It may be that in time past the spot was frequented by gipsies, and it would certainly be difficult to find a more charming situation for an open-air encampment. The ground is covered by a carpet of short, velvety grass, and the wide-spreading branches overhead form a natural protection against sunshine and storm.

The remains of ancient earthworks close by form another feature of interest. The exact date of the works is a matter of conjecture, and,

while there are some grounds for thinking that they date back to the time of the Roman occupation, it is perfectly certain that they were in existence during the days of Queen Elizabeth, when they were expressly referred to by Camden. In Holwood Park, Keston, there are some remarkably fine remains of an extensive camp of pre-Roman date, and these earthworks at West Wickham are by many considered to be a sort of outpost connected with it.

Traces of ancient track-ways, pit-dwellings, and the discovery of large numbers of flint implements in the immediate locality, all point to the fact that this district was peopled at an early date, and these remains of defensive earthworks are, therefore, of considerable importance in the history of the neighbourhood.

As time went on, the mound in the middle of the camp appears to have been used as the site of a beacon. Local tradition informs us that at the time when the Spanish Armada was daily expected Queen Elizabeth was staying at West Wickham, and preparations were made for lighting a signal fire at the camp to announce the approach of the enemy. The tradition is full of improbability, yet it is sufficient to show that beacon fires were lighted here upon some occasions.

The whole district commanded by this point of high ground is more than ordinarily charming, and the views on every hand are extensive enough to embrace Holwood Park, War Bank, Chislehurst Common, Shooter's Hill, Sydenham, and the fir-capped hills of Shirley, overlooking Addington Park, the pleasant summer residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. On the rising ground nearer at hand one can trace a portion of West Wickham Court and the parish church hard by, both of them literally embowered among stately elms. At the very foot of the steep declivity upon which the oaks are growing is Coney Hall Farm, with its farm buildings, its stacks, and its duck-pond.

Only recently West Wickham Common has narrowly escaped enclosure. The beauty of the surroundings and the dryness of the soil rendered it a very "desirable" site for the operations of the villa builder, but the public right in the place having been satisfactorily established, the lord of the manor was compensated for any interest he might have in the place, and the fences having been cleared away, there is no obstacle to the public roaming wherever they will.

The formal opening of this piece of common land was one of the first public acts of Sir Stuart Knill during his year of mayoralty. In the graceful speech which announced that the common was open to the public for ever it was suggested that the site should be left in its natural beauty, and not planed down for the appearance of greater convenience. It is gratifying to find that the custodians of the place have treated this excellent suggestion with the attention it deserved. The paths are left in their original state, the undergrowth of heath and gorse and bramble is allowed to grow after its natural fashion, and the oak-trees are surrounded by a wilderness of sylvan beauty.



THE ART OF THE DAY.

Poor dear Joan of Arc! Since Sébastien Lepage, how many more painters and sculptors are going to be responsible for dragging her into the ways of their artistic wanderings? The statue and group raised to the memory of the maid at Domrémy is now to be classed in the innumerable list of such, inaugurated as it was under the patronage and in the presence of three bishops of France a short time ago. We have not had the felicity of seeing the actual group which was sculptured for the occasion; but we understand, on excellent authority, that it is, in the way of stone, as remarkable as any of the multitudinous achievements in the same line that have gone before. And the new statue has, at least, the vicarious merit of belonging to the home of Joan of Arc; so that there is not so much necessity for abusing Lepage just now as there will be on a future occasion of a like sort.

Another death is recorded in the tristful chronicles of art. Eduard Ungar, a young painter—he was but forty-one years of age—who lived

was exhibited at the Academy during Dyce's lifetime, and, at a later period, at Manchester and at Liverpool. There is a subtle sympathy between it and the provinces.

The following is a list of the purchases made by the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery during the past year: "Frederick, King of Bohemia," the son-in-law of James I. and grandfather of George I., painted by Mireveldt—a similar picture, formerly at Hampton Court, is now at Holyrood (£20); "Sir Peter Lely," painted by himself, and described as coarsely painted (£4); "Elizabeth Claypole," the second and favourite daughter of Oliver Cromwell, painted on panel by Joseph Michael Wright, with allegorical accessories implying her devotion to science (£52 10s.); "John Martin," the imaginative painter of sacred subjects, painted by Henry Warren (£5 5s.); "George Romney," an unfinished picture painted by himself, engraved by Thomas Wright as a frontispiece for the Rev. John Romney's Life of his father, bought at the sale of Miss Romney's effects (£441); "Thomas, Lord Erskine," painted by



THREE GRACES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

and worked at Munich, died a few days ago at Oberandorf. By birth a Bavarian, he chose Munich for his head-quarters, where he made himself a sufficient reputation by his pictures of the "Christbaum." It was as an illustrator that Ungar was of late years chiefly popular in Germany, and in this respect he was celebrated for the finish and conscientiousness of his work; his refinement and delicacy were no less admirable, and in his death the art of Germany has lost a representative who did much, and might have done much more, for its advance and perfection. His line was a personal one, and he succeeded uniquely.

The National Gallery now holds in Room XIX. the pretentious, and, we are bound to say, more ambitious than beautiful "St. John Leading the Virgin to the Tomb of Christ," which, painted by Dyce, has been presented to the nation by an anonymous donor. The canvas has, it is true, considerable dignity and some expressive sweetness, and it would be absurd, also, to deny that there is a charm in the severity and simplicity of the composition of the whole; but the colour is uninteresting and the subject is not decorative. One leaves it without enthusiasm and with the senses a little dulled. It seems a pity that so much learning and academic resource should end in arousing sentiments so slack; but there they are, and we cannot change them. The picture

Sir William Ross (£63); "William, Lord Paget," diplomatist under Henry VIII. and Queen Mary, painter unknown (£40); "Sir Henry Spelman," the antiquary, painted by Paul van Somer (£12 12s.) The donations during the year included portraits of the late Earl of Derby, the late Earl Stanhope, William of Nassau (father of William III.), William Roscoe, of Liverpool, William Hunt, the Radical, a bust of Sir Charles Eastlake by Gibson, and a copy of Woolner's bust of Tennyson.

The members of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society have published a volume of essays reminding us vaguely of the volume of essays published some years ago by the Fabian Society in support of the Fabian ideal of Socialism. We wish that we could add that the new essays have the same shining merit of cleverness that so distinguished the essays of the Fabian Society. For the most part this book is poorly platitudinous, and seems to be the work of men who imagine that they have but to put pen to paper and success will attend their efforts. Crude theory and crude history, however, do not go very far to the making of a great book, and not even the work of Mr. W. Morris and Mr. W. Crane can save this from a dead average of dullness that is almost unapproachable.



A WELCOME REST.—KARL DU JARDIN (1640-78).
Exhibited at Mr. J. Ichenhäuser's Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

The two young painters who have just been honoured in Germany, Mr. Tuke and Mr. Furse, have been chronicled in their deeds in many quarters, but, even though late, it is as well that a flying word of praise be sent after them and their decorations. Mr. Tuke may be considered the artist of the year; his "August Blue," bought this year by the Chantrey Trustees, has received the unqualified admiration of every kind of critic. It is admirable not alone for the customary qualities which

anything else, and the only astonishing thing in connection with the whole matter is the surprise and freshness with which one ever chronicles that failure year by year. That such a show should now and then publish the virtues of one or two artists is the most that can be expected of it; but this year there is no prominent virtue to chronicle; there is no picture which will make its year-memorable; the Academy falls out of memory as a blank; it is gone with the young things of its own spring.

have followed the later canvas. Although the painting is so far admirable, the action is dull, the movement is not sufficiently vital; and Munich, as it were unconsciously noting the improvement, has taken the best moment of Mr. Tuke's career for conferring honour upon him.

Mr. Furse, although not so publicly recognised hitherto as an artist worthy of his craft, has long been known as a man who is destined to do big things in art. His portraiture has been deservedly admired; his modelling is masterly, and his sense of *entourage* and of a rather opaque kind of colour are exceptionally fine. Mr. Furse may go to almost any academic height in his profession, and it does the Munich authorities great credit that they have selected so promising an artist for their notice and commendation. Youth in these days has a nobler chance than ever it had before, and one rejoices when youth is thus honoured.

Looking back upon the past year, we and all the world have been content to consider the Academy Exhibition as something of a failure. One does so every year. Indeed, such an exhibition cannot but be



THE SANCTUARY.—WILLIAM HUNT.



THE RAMBLER.—EDITH SCANNELL.
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have made the school of Newlyn deservedly famous—that is, for its atmosphere, its freedom, and its truth—but also for its beautiful scheme of colour, its noble tone, its breadth, and its careful composition.

It is the second time that the honour has fallen to Mr. Tuke, whose "All Hands to the Pumps" of a few years ago now hangs among the Chantrey pictures at the South Kensington Gallery; it is a picture which has not so readily won the universal suffrages of praise which

The New Gallery has brought to us nothing more memorable than the Academy, and, though a few things in the lesser galleries remain as pleasant reminiscences, we never remember a year in which art has left less to remember it by. And the artists are scattered, stealing from the brief light their future successes or their future failures. Let us leave them there for the present, and ask from them something fresher and better in the work that has to come than we have received from them this year.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



" Oh ! that's very funny, Mr. Wagstaff. Which paper do you get your wit from ? "



PRIMROSE DAME (daughter of the Squire): "My good man, may I ask if you are a Conservative, and what is your occupation?"

POACHER: "Certainly, Miss. I'm a bird-catcher and Conservative; and it's blokes like your Dad as rears the birds as gives employmint to gemmerin like me."



E. B. REESE

Manuscript

CHINA IN THE HANDS OF THE JAPANESE.



HOW CHARMING TO LISTEN TO WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.

'ARRY: "Oh! blow it, Sally, I've left my hopera-glasses at home, and can't see the lovely gals a-bathing."

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

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A TALE OF THE SEA.

It was a stormy afternoon, and I held on a straw hat with difficulty, as I stood on the lee shore of the Round Pond, watching the hardy mariners, without shoes or stockings, picking out of the tempestuous offing *débris* of small craft, which belonged not to the poundage of the stately yachts, but to the outhouse of the bathroom dock. The breakers were not merely ahead—that, I believe, is their least dangerous aspect; but they had accumulated a great still mass of white foam, which was seductive and terrible. One gallant youth, without condescending to ask for a life-belt, or even to take off his boots, had ventured in so far that he was covered with white splashes as high as his gunwale buttons; but to my suggestion that his mother would take a fond and fearful note of this he responded with a laugh which was full of daring.

Out on the sky-line was a confused medley of canvas and tall spars, torn hither and thither by the force of the capricious blast. It is a weird attribute of these seas that the wind has no fixed direction, but changes with such fitfulness that navigation needs an unremitting vigilance to avoid disaster. No time to sing "Larboard Watch, Ahoy!" or any of the duets which are the chief occupation of sailors in more favoured climes, where the storm blows one way! No opportunity for the anxious captain to share the familiar sentiment of the song—

But O what joy his bosom feels
As o'er the sea his vessel reels!

I was musing on these hardships of life on the ocean wave of the Round Pond when my eye was caught by an ancient salt, who was sweeping the horizon with an opera-glass. His bronzed cheek and grizzled beard, so eloquent of exposure to the fury of the elements on Saturday afternoons, and, above all, his uniform of blue serge and the cap with a most professional peak, denoted both sagacity and high office. I approached him deferentially, and, topping the violence of the gale, I shouted, "What news of the fleet, Commodore?"

He looked at me with a haughty expression in his steel-blue eyes, and I hastened to add an apology for the curiosity of the mere landsman.

"Ah, well," he said, applying himself to the opera-glass again, "there's a bit of a breeze to-day. The *Salmonita*—that's her with the reddish-yellow mainsail—she's flapping her jib, with her nose right in the wind's teeth. She's always saucy, is the *Salmonita*; stands quite still sometimes when everything round her is tossing like mad. Hoop! there she goes, heeling right over, masts under—"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "what dreadful peril!"

"Bless you, that's nothing. I've hauled her out keel uppermost many a time. Now you'd think she was making for the other side—I mean the side right opposite. Not she! Why, look—now she's turned completely round. Oh, she's a saucy one!"

"But tell me, Commodore, do these noble ships of yours never reach the other side—I mean the side right opposite?"

"Never," said the Commodore, grimly. "I've sailed this pond, man and boy, and not a sailor I've heard tell of has ever put into that port. Why, Sir, it's against the laws of navigation. You can run ashore anywhere on this coast within a yard or two of the starting-point. There's a mate o' mine has a craft which always comes straight back—one of the finest bits o' seamanship you ever saw. She just goes off at a spanking pace for a few feet, and then stops as if she were thinking about it—"

"Thinking of those she's left in tears behind," I suggested.

"Just so; that's her nature. And back she comes. I tell you it's a grand sight. The little boys jeer sometimes, but when they grow up they know better."

"Then you hold that a straight course to the land right opposite is impossible? People say this is done over the Atlantic."

"Do they?" said the Commodore, contemptuously. "Don't you believe 'em. I don't say it can't be done by steamers, but who compares steamers to a model yacht, or the Atlantic to the Round Pond? Bah!" He swept the horizon again with the opera-glass. "Ha!

Salmonita is on another tack now. She's going round and round in a circle. You've never seen that on the Atlantic! Bless you, I've known her do that a whole afternoon, and once I had to leave her in the middle all night, and when I came at daybreak she was beating to windward in exactly the same spot!"

The remembrance of this fidelity brought tears to his eyes, and I looked away, dreading to appear callously inquisitive about such emotion.

"You might call her the *Vanderdecken* of the Round Pond," I said, after a decent interval. "I wonder whether the apparition of a ghostly sail disturbed any drowsy duck as a vision of nightmare?"

"Ducks!" ejaculated the Commodore, with a sudden change of expression; "they are the monsters of the deep! They have eaten *Salmonita*'s rigging over and over again, and they don't know what indigestion means. But look out!—there's *Salmonita* going to ram Old Clockwork! Hurrah, boys!"

The mariners in knickerbockers set up an answering cheer, and the Commodore's excitement ran right round the pond like a train of gunpowder. It was indeed a spectacle to stir the most sluggish pulse. Two of the largest yachts approached each other in a straight line, and at a fearful speed, propelled, as it seemed, by some invisible power, bent



on destruction. Every eye was strained from the shore to miss no detail of the appalling encounter. The Commodore's teeth were set hard. Beside him stood another old salt, equally agitated, and staring with eyeballs of alarming prominence.

"If the wind'll only hold another second!" said the Commodore.

"It won't," gasped the other. "They'll luff! I know they'll luff—they always do!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when *Salmonita* was blown right across the bows of her foe, which passed safely on, narrowly shaving the tail of a duck that emitted a derisive "Quack!" A deep groan of disappointment burst from the crowd, and the head of the Commodore's companion fell on his breast, a picture of the deepest dejection.

"Cheer up, mate!" said the Commodore, whose voice trembled. "It is sure to come another time."

"I shall never live to see it," murmured his friend in accents of bitter despondency.

"We have waited for years," the Commodore explained to me, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, "to see a collision. It is the one desire of our hearts. My mate here takes on about it, for he's a watchmaker, you know, and not very strong. We've sailed this pond together, man and boy, and never enjoyed a good thumping collision, you know, with the sound of smashing spars. . . . Well, there's the *Salmonita* off again," he added, with a brave effort at cheerfulness. "Isn't she a saucy one?"

L. F. A.

DR. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

There is no name more intimately connected with some of the most stirring incidents of the latter half of the present century than that of Dr. William Howard Russell. When still at college he began to write for the *Times*; but it was not until the Repeal agitation of O'Connell that he was specially engaged by that newspaper. While the trial of O'Connell and his associates was going on in Dublin, a fast steamer lay in readiness in Kingstown Harbour to carry Mr. Russell across the Channel the moment the verdict was given. His experience of the excitement of being "first in the field" with important news must have been pleasant for the young Irishman, who was then twenty-two years of age.

But no idea of becoming a war correspondent had at that time entered his mind. On the contrary, whenever he thought of the future and greatness, it was more probably in connection with the Woolsack. To the Bar he was in due course called in 1850, and he presently found some Parliamentary business—election petitions, railways, and similar work.

One evening in February, 1854, Mr. Delane, the editor of the *Times*, informed Mr. Russell that a very agreeable "short excursion" had been arranged for him to accompany the Guards, who had just been ordered to Malta. The Government was resolved to make a display of supporting the Sultan against Russian aggression. "You will be back by Easter, depend on it," observed Mr. Delane when Mr. Russell pointed out that he was married and had two young children, and that a prolonged absence from England would injure his prospects at the Bar, adding, "Your wife and family can follow you." How little was it suspected that the Crimean War and its attendant terrible death-roll was at hand! But Mr. Delane's thoughtful efforts to make Mr. Russell's prospects pleasant are worthy of record.

After a few weeks at Malta, during which Mr. Russell wrote letters to the *Times* describing the movements of the troops there concentrating for the East, it became known that the British Government had decided to send a strong force to Turkey, and a letter arrived from the editor of the *Times* to say he hoped Mr. Russell would take the "delightful opportunity of spending a few weeks in the East." Mr. Russell succeeded in securing a berth in the *Golden Fleece*, bound to Gallipoli with the vanguard of the British Expedition. His presence was a cause of considerable wonderment to General Sir George Brown and his staff. The captain could give no further explanation of Mr. Russell's presence beyond the fact that the proper authorities had given orders for his passage. On April 5 he landed at Gallipoli, and remained there till the Light Division went on towards Bulgaria. An amusing incident happened while he was at Pera. Missirie, a well-known hotel proprietor, charged his guests, who, perforce, occupied double-bedded sleeping-rooms, board for two. To this Sir Colin Campbell objected. His objections were overruled. One day a "hideous mendicant" appeared with Sir Colin Campbell's card, and said he had been invited by the General to dine and sleep in his room; Missirie at once struck his colours, gave the beggar a dinner in the kitchen and a piece of gold, and went on his knees to Sir Colin for mercy. From Scutari the army moved in sections to Varna, on the Danube. Mr. Russell followed the fortunes of the Light Division in Bulgaria, and when the Governments decided that their armies should invade the Crimea he accompanied the head-quarters of the Second Division, under Sir de Laey Evans, and, after a most interesting and exciting voyage from Balchik Bay, landed in the Crimea on Sept. 14, 1854. But hard times were before the unattached correspondent. Now he was on land; he was "nobody's child." It was well he possessed the golden power of making friends wherever he went, a power which renders the world a tolerably agreeable place even under the worst of circumstances. In those days a *locus standi* had never been vouchsafed a correspondent. A request for official recognition would have been rejected with scorn. But Mr. Russell enjoyed a greater freedom of action than the ticket-holding, officially-recognised correspondent of to-day. He was, however, unpleasantly conscious that his *raison d'être* at the seat of war was questioned in some quarters.

Difficulties in procuring rations and ordinary creature comforts were by no means the greatest troubles that Mr. Russell had to face. He had accepted an onerous post—a post to which duties both pleasant and unpleasant were attached. To chronicle the success of the army was an easy matter, comparatively—not so to relate the consequences of the failure of the expeditionary forces to accomplish the reduction of Sebastopol by a *coup de main*, and the ineptitude of those who had to deal with them.

Mr. Russell was not a man easily daunted. In spite of suppressing influences in high quarters, he was at the fore during the march to the Alma, and was in the thick of the great battle which took its name from that river; witnessed, for the first time, the sickening sight of a great battlefield; heard the hurrahing of the victorious; heard the groans and cries from those who lay in agony—waiting; saw the extremes of triumph, the extremes of pain. In the moment of victory "thought for the dead was forgotten or unexpressed."

Though worn out with excitement, want of food, and ten hours in the saddle, the moment had come for him to take up his pen. A description of the battle must be on its way to Printing House Square. He supped among the dead and dying. To sleep or write was impossible with cries for help ringing in his ears. He spent hours, with others in as sorry condition as himself, doing the most that inexperienced hands

could do to relieve the sufferings of those around. The following morning Mr. Russell awoke with a maddening headache, after only a short sleep, and struggled out of the overcrowded tent. Everyone was busy clearing the battlefield of the wounded and dead. Surgeons were hard at work: it was not their fault that the injured were neglected. A party of Sappers were repairing the redoubt, the taking of which had cost so many lives the previous day. Mr. Russell sat down on a parapet, and began writing on his knees. An officer, noticing him, sent a plank and two casks, out of which an impromptu table was devised. The letter thus written was fated never to reach England. As he rode back from despatching it to London, a French artillery officer stopped Mr. Russell. "Can you tell me, *mon Général*," asked he, "why we are halting in this abominable place?" It was a difficult question to answer.

On Sept. 24—four days after the battle of Alma—the movement towards Sebastopol began. Why it was delayed so long is a question which to this day has never been satisfactorily answered. Meanwhile, Francis Todleben, a young officer of Engineers, was rendering Sebastopol almost impregnable. Hitherto, the land side of the town had been but weakly fortified. In one year Todleben passed through the various successive ranks between second captain and general. Had it not been for his energy and

genius, Mr. Delane's prophecy that Mr. Russell would only spend "a few weeks in the East" would probably have been verified.

As Mr. Russell wrote his letters, the question "What will they say at home?" never occurred to him. He did not flinch from the duty of describing the misery during the winter. To stand alone and face the indignation of highly-respected officials, sooner than condone their incapacity, requires a courageous man. Mr. Russell awoke to the fact that in his hands was vested an opportunity of serving thousands of his countrymen—men whose calling negated the right to complain, especially when the complaints were directed against officers high in command. Had the *Times* been represented by a less observant correspondent, the awful privations our soldiers had to face during the siege of Sebastopol might have remained screened from the public, and the wholesome knowledge that exposure follows neglect might still be absent from the minds of those responsible for our soldiers in the field.

He remained in the Crimea till the peace. He was correspondent for the *Times* during the Mutiny in the following year and in the great American Civil War. He was on board the *Great Eastern* when she laid the first Atlantic cable in July, 1866. He accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales in March, 1869, to Constantinople, Athens, and the Crimea. He was present at the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869; went through the Franco-German War in 1870-71; and in 1875 accompanied the Prince of Wales to India. His sterling worth, wit, powers of good-comradeship, and never-failing fund of interesting anecdotes make him one of the most delightful companions.

E. B. H.



Photo by Diaz, Valparaíso.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL.

À PROPOS A PORTRAIT.

The day undoubtedly approaches when for a portrait painter to seek his subject in his habitat, there to study his colour, his form, his individuality, will be considered a perfectly natural, and, in fact, the only scientific way to get a portrait. The making of Weedon Grossmith's portrait, for instance, necessitated an interesting study of the man and his surroundings. Look at his photographs, or go to hear "The New Boy," and you see a neat comedian, who has been lucky enough to hit the popular fancy



MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH.

in a fortunate play. Study him in his home, and the character of the man is revealed. You begin to think there is no such thing as luck. You see that behind the New Boy there is as much art, experience, and study as behind one of Du Maurier's caricatures. The curious thing about "The Old House" where lives the New Boy is that it does not appear to be the abode of an actor, but distinctly that of a painter—a painter who is something of an author, a little of an antiquary. Nothing in the house suggests the stage, save, perhaps, a number of rare old tinsel prints such as any bibliophile might envy. This impression soon justifies itself. Several capital portrait studies reveal that before he became an actor Mr. Grossmith was a painter, and a pupil of that admirable master, the late Frank Holl. Joint author with his brother in "The Diary of a Nobody," &c., we all know him also as collaborator with others in certain plays and playlets. "The Old House" is chiefly fascinating for its quaint construction, its exquisite neatness, and the apparent simplicity of its furnishing. Within its walls dwells dignified sobriety, unfretted by the plush, frills, gilding, stuffiness, stale incense, and fading flowers of ordinary theatrical success. It is primarily the dwelling of what the author of "Trilby" calls "a nice clean Englishman."

What a lot of good things, too, behind the apparent simplicity! Rare old glass of form divine, china that commands respect, furniture not only antique, but artistic, *bibelots*—not too many of them—that are good to see. There is generous hospitality, too, elegant and unobtrusive. But what a man enjoys best of all is to suddenly find his picture composed for him by one of those happy accidents that often assist those who travel around and look for them. Seated in an old English chair in front of his beloved easel, Mr. Grossmith smokes his cigarette in attitude characteristic. From a big window the light falls full upon him. Through the window is seen a hint of that fine stretch of lawn and garden without which "The Old House" would be incomplete. To paint and study surrounded, as here, by every congenial influence would be a pleasure to any artist. It is pleasant, too, during the "rests" to take a turn under the trees down to where, at the far end of the garden, there is a walled-up entrance to an ancient underground passage. This subterranean way leads, according to tradition, from Cancabury Tower

to St. Bartholomew's. Set among yellow flower-beds, there is a huge, old-fashioned fountain, the basin filled with gold and grey fish. And then, by way of contrast to all this perfect peace, there are periodic, semi-dangerous sham-battles between a tough and noisy fox-terrier, whose name is Richard III., and a vicious big black raven.

The soldier, the statesman, the bishop, the man of the world, are all easier to transfer to canvas than the mobile comedian. The more steadfastly a man's character is fixed in one groove, the easier it is to grasp and make visible by means of the pencil. If the comedian himself be drawn in a character-part where one trait is exaggerated at the expense of others, the task is simplified. You have a subtler and more interesting problem if you endeavour to show him in his home. Then you must study his mobility, and from his conflicting, fluctuating variations evolve the most typical expression, one that contains all and yet none of the others. If to any extent I have succeeded in doing this in Mr. Weedon Grossmith's case, the portrait should convey an idea of the dignity, discretion, and artistic simplicity which seem to me to explain his success.

ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Saintsbury is one of the most honest of critics. His preface to the new Sterne being brought out just now by Messrs. Dent—only "Tristram Shandy" has as yet appeared—is a tonic to the literary conscience. Sterne is about as difficult a rascal to mete out justice to as any you will come across in the reading of a lifetime. He rouses a loathing in some that makes fair play an impossibility, and a liking in others obstinately proof against all attacks.

Thackeray abominated him, and lost his literary judgment in the condemnation of him. His outright defenders are among readers rather than writers, for critics have mostly felt it necessary to hoist in public the flag of the proprieties. But there is a large class whose fancy Sterne has tickled to the extent that in their hearts they have become apologists for the whole of him—or, at least, indifferent to the bad in him. His biographer, Mr. Fitzgerald, almost joined these in his extreme good nature towards the humourist's faults and weaknesses, and only one or two of his judges seem to have kept a healthy attitude of mind in their admiration or dislike. Mr. Traill did, on the whole, and Mr. Saintsbury does. Mr. Saintsbury is austerity itself in regard to Sterne's worse side. But he is strong-headed enough and clear-eyed enough to give him nearly all the admiration he deserves. There is not much wanting in justice or in aptness in this description of Sterne—

He has an unmatched command of the lesser and lower varieties of the humorous contrast—over the odd, the petty, the queer, above all, over what the French untranslatably call the *sangrenu*. His *forte* is the foible; his *cheval de bataille* the hobby-horse. If you want to soar into the heights or plunge into the depths of humour, Sterne is not for you. But if you want what his own generation called a frisk on middle—very middle—earth, a hunt in curiosity-shops . . . a ride on a sort of intellectual switchback, a view of moral, mental, religious, sentimental dancing of all the kinds that have delighted man from the rope to the skirt, then have with Sterne in any direction he pleases.

Mr. Saintsbury adds some words of warmer praise even, but his keen intellectual appreciation never for a moment makes him an apologist. And this is as rare as it is tonic. One more thing should be said of this preface. Nearly every classic reprint to-day has its introduction written by some writer of eminence, and the only point of interest about the greater number of these is the name of the eminent writer. Mr. Saintsbury's introduction, on the contrary, is a fine contribution to criticism and literature.

This edition of Sterne—it will be in six volumes—should be a favourite one, but Mr. Wheeler's illustrations are not quite worthy of it.

A book truly revealing a personality is Mrs. Besant's "Autobiography" (Unwin). Her name being anathema to many, it is all the more necessary to vindicate what she has written of herself from the suspicion of its being disagreeable, or aggressive, or likely to outrage timid persons' feelings and prejudices. It is not a bit of fine, or even good writing, and does not present its author as a very clear-headed woman. It will certainly convert few to her present occult faith, for the account of her own conversion is vague and unsatisfactory in the extreme.

But it is a mine of interest for the student of human nature, and I can imagine a novelist delighting in this revelation of real life, and of how, through devious, most unexpected, most improbable paths, the fervent ascetic child reached her present haven of refuge. The ecstatic girl of sixteen delighting in the Fathers of the Early Church, the aggressively enthusiastic atheist, the strenuous public worker, and the Theosophist dreamer of to-day seem each to have renounced the other; but in a rough and ready way Mrs. Besant has shown us where to find the key to the vagaries of her own convictions and career, and even fastidious persons who have shrunk from her ardent enthusiasm will find her book very engrossing.

Mr. Anthony Hope's "Half a Hero," that clever political novel which surprised many Australians by its intelligent understanding of colonial affairs and colonial temper, has been made more accessible to his readers, Messrs. Innes having just reissued it in one volume. o. o.

LOCH LEVEN.

Loch Leven is closed for the year. We do not know that in itself the event is greatly deserving to be chronicled in *The Sketch*, but to its readers Loch Leven trout must be so well known by name and to the taste that we take the opportunity afforded by the finish of the season of saying something about the fish and about the famous Scottish water from which they spring originally.

And first about the loch. We might remark that it is in Kinross-shire: only, those who do not know Loch Leven can scarcely be expected to know Kinross. Even the natives would not claim that the sheet of water is specially picturesque, although Mr. Andrew Lang is good enough to say that in this respect it is better than its reputation, being larger than the "Welsh Harp," and situate amid scenery that excels the landscape of Middlesex. It is not a deep loch, and is almost uniformly shallow; on its shores stands one town of moderate size and great commonplaceness. The villages that dot it round have an ancient repute for the manufacture of parchment, and have bred at least one poet, and two famous islands mirror themselves in the green waves. And in this last particular we have hit upon the glory of Loch Leven, historically considered, for—to pass St. Serf's, named after the Culdee saint who, by

it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, for by none save the angler is the east wind desired in Kinross-shire. And if you do very well, the day's enjoyment will be difficult to match. The fish run to nearly a pound on the average, and fight gamely, and there is a peculiar charm about the loch when the proper ripple is on it and the trout are taking freely. Some of the charm lingers, when the trout will not take at all, as is certain to be the case in a west wind. We have enjoyed many a day with scarce a rise, which may or may not show how excellent sportsmen we are. Our pleasure, moreover, has never been spoiled by the Cockney conduct on the loch, which appears to have grieved a good many writers. We have nothing but good words for Mr. Lang's grocer from Greenock. The cost of Loch Leven fishing may be put down at one pound sterling for every pound avoirdupois. It is not excessive, but it is not within the easy compass of all. Membership in a club reduces it a little, and urges busy men and acquaintances to a day's pleasure together half-a-dozen times a year. That these members on a holiday should make a sweepstake on the result is not a great crime; that a first and a second and even a third prize in fishing materials should be added is only a customary proceeding. The very remote chance of winning a fly-book does not send one man among them to Loch Leven; most of them take a private boat when they can. The rules of the game forbid trolling, a common offence of the private boat,



LOCH LEVEN CASTLE, FROM FACTOR'S PIER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. PATRICK, KIRKCALDY.

dint of rhetorical reproof, cast the devil out of Dysart—here is that other island where Mary Stuart signed away a crown at the bidding of her brutal lords—you may not choose sides on Loch Leven as at a debating society, but are a Queen's partisan with the best—and wearied the days away until that night when napkin and keys were snatched up together, and she was over at Lord Seton's side on the mainland. The castle is there, or the ruins of it, in which she was confined. You can see the tower in the illustration; better still, you can take luncheon in its shadow any day you visit Loch Leven. And you may visit the loch on many days before you happen upon one when it will not be as profitable to lunch on the island, and dwell with moderate rapture in its memories, as to cast angle in the waters that lap it.

And this brings us to the fish. Their peculiar delicacy, to the eye as to the palate, derived from their food and their feeding ground, was renowned long before the fame of their sporting qualities had gone forth to tempt anglers to try for them. It would seem as if, until recently, these fish had no sporting qualities for which to be famous. Fifty years ago—so the story runs—they would not come at the fly, be it cast ever so temptingly. Why the trout should have changed their temper, and changed it in the year '56, we do not know; but there it is, account for it who can. Since then net-fishing has been restricted, and ultimately abolished, and the management of the fishery has passed from the hands of a tacksman into those of an association, to whose officials you must apply for a boat. If you apply in good time you will get one, and two boatmen—socially inclined, if not great fishers or advisers of fishers—who will carry you where you will. And there is a considerable choice of drifts. If the wind blows from the east, you may do very well—a further illustration of the truth of the adage that

and they forbid the boatmen adding to the basket. Altogether, it would seem the grocer from Greenock is a very exemplary person from the sportsman's point of view.

There is another, a statistical, way of looking at the fishing. By it you will observe that within twelve years over 180,000 trout have been taken from the loch, and, having been told already the average weight and price per pound of the fish, one or two simple and interesting arithmetical sums have been set you. If you work them out, you will have a shrewd idea of the value of the Loch Leven fishery. If you would know the quality of the sport, you must test it for yourself; and the result would depend upon the day quite as much as upon your skill.

It appears that at every French *mairie* is to be found an official compilation designed to assist parents in the choice of names for their offspring. The list includes 3750 names, and prominent among the thirty or forty most generally employed come those of Louis, Paul, Pierre, Marie, Auguste, Jean, Berthe, Anne, and so on. At the other pole, that of wild eccentricity in the way of names, some truly wonderful appellations are to be noted, and it is indeed a marvel that these should have ever been included in an official handbook. For instance, any father may, if he like, call his baby boy Bistamone, Courcodeme, Evelpiste, Hormisdas, Mommola, Orespide, Pamphanuce, or, worst of all, Mogoldonoborco. Fancy going through the world with a name like the last mentioned! Again, how would a French *demoiselle* care to be called Agadième, Amalberge, Finsèque, Créscentienne, or Nicàrette? One can hardly think that our own parish records or registrars' books are adorned with quite such monstrosities as these.

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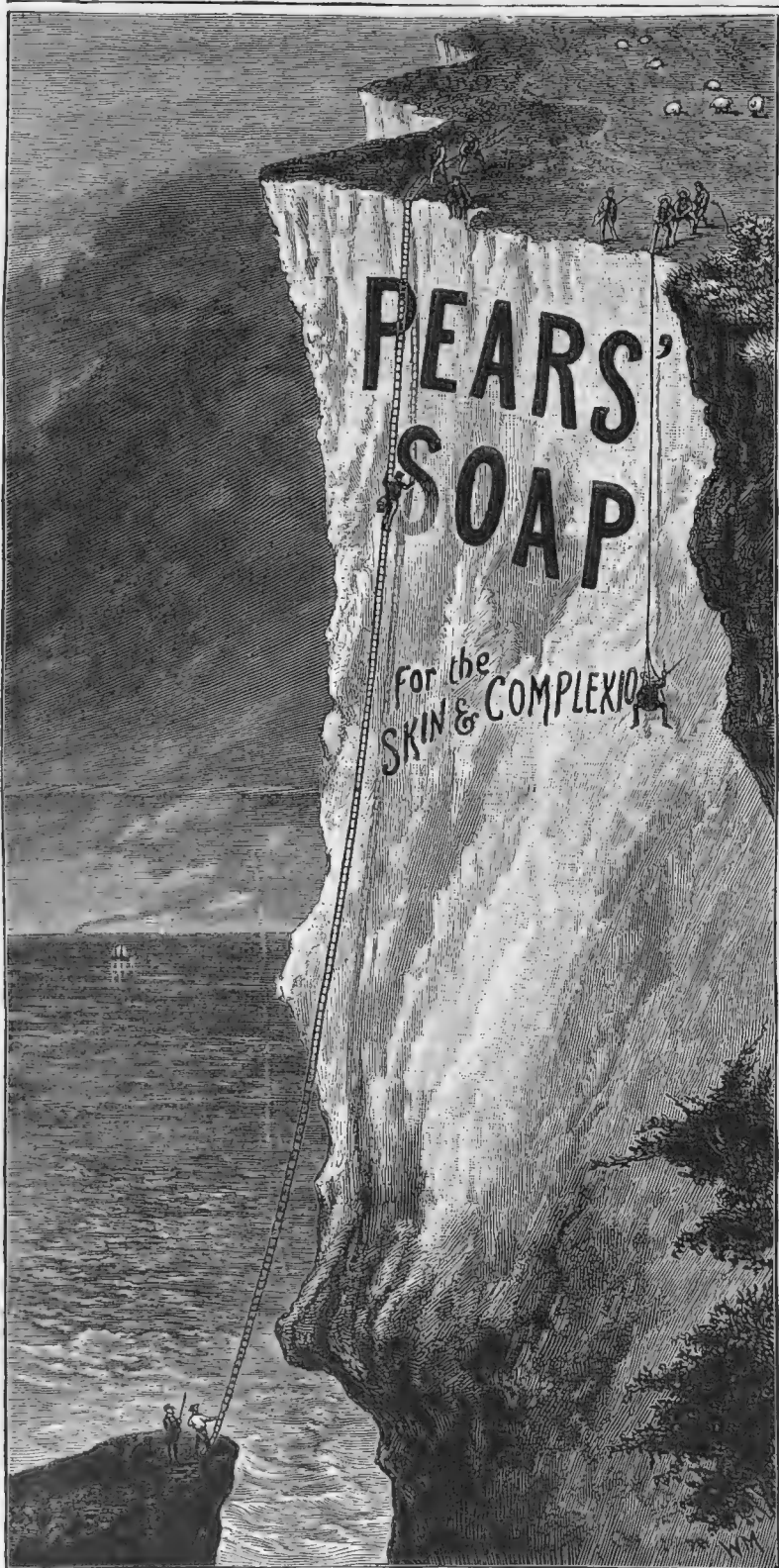
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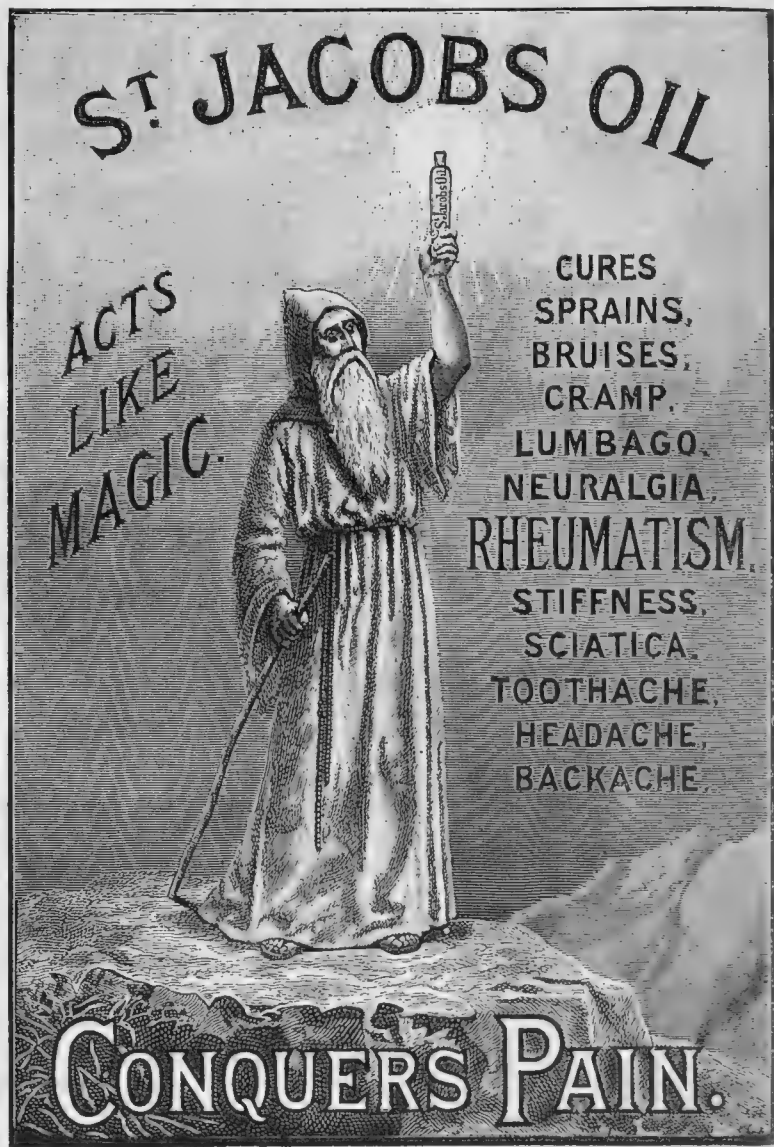
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**Why is
My Health
Better
Than
It was?**



General Keith Fraser has made the most of the opportunities given to him for handling cavalry in large bodies during the past fortnight. Day after day he has turned the whole force out from its camp at Churn to exercise them in divisional manœuvres over open downs where nearly every yard of turf has a military history. For many miles across these downs one sees the straight track of green turf between low banks that mark a Roman road, and it is not a very wild flight of fancy that the delicate rock roses crushed by the hoofs of cavalry chargers to-day are growing where the scythes of Boadicea's chariots flashed 'mid the chalky dust clouds as gun-trunnions of the Royal Horse flash in the sunlight now. The whole ground is thick with warlike traditions, so that one could always picture the skeleton force against which General Keith Fraser delighted to manœuvre his whole cavalry division as surrounded by shadowy forms of soldiers where battles were fought centuries ago. For Tommy Atkins such shadows have no terrors; but I think he would have enjoyed himself much more if there had been a real instead of an imaginary or skeleton enemy in front of him when he charged. If any exception can be taken to General Fraser's conduct of the autumn manœuvres in Berkshire, it is that he has been rather too fond of operating against imaginary enemies with his whole force, instead of giving brigadiers an opportunity of working against each other. A whole fortnight was devoted to preliminary drills and movements in division. Not content with the two brigades allotted to him by the Horse Guards, he split these up so that he formed three: one under command of Colonel French, who earned his reputation in smart reconnaissance work covering the march of Sir Herbert Stewart's column from Korti to Metemneh; another commanded by Colonel Truman, and a third by the Earl of Dundonald, who, as Lord Cochrane, did great service in guiding the march of the Desert Column with Willoughby Verner, of the Rifle Brigade. There was, indeed, a great gathering of Desert heroes at Churn, and General Keith Fraser had selected as his Chief of the Staff Colonel the Hon. G. H. Gough, who fought with his detachment of mounted infantry in the hottest corner of the square at Abu Klea; and another of the General's staff-officers was Major Hippisley, the only officer of the Greys who passed unscathed through that fierce *mêlée*, and he had a spear-thrust through his helmet. There is no school of training like the battlefield, but even the lessons learned there are apt to lose their effect in time, and the oftener they are freshened up in peace manœuvres the better.

Neither General Fraser's programme nor the manner of its execution may satisfy critics like the one who recently set himself to prove in the pages of *Blackwood* that British cavalry, through lack of uniform training, have become unfit to perform the larger operations that should fall to that arm in modern warfare. But in all that he has done at Churn the General has certainly tried to be thorough. When there is not time for everything, the right thing to do at manœuvres of this kind, undoubtedly, is to practise the men in work that they would have few opportunities of doing elsewhere. First of these is movement in division, when brigadiers learn to support each other as regiments do in brigade movements and squadrons in regimental training. It would have been better if the manœuvres could have been progressive, from step to step in proper sequence, instead of beginning almost at the wrong end first, but a senior officer does not get a chance every day of handling troops in numbers corresponding to the force that his rank would entitle him to command, and when he does we may well forgive him for making the most of it. General Fraser has moved his division over many

varieties of ground, giving to each brigade in turn an opportunity of acting in the first line of an attack, in support, and in reserve. He has practised them at reconnaissance and in patrolling, in dashes for an enemy's guns, and in pursuit of a foe who fights a retreating battle with great skill. One day has brought forth its reminiscences of Talavera in movements similar to the reckless dash of the old 23rd Light Dragoons, another of Norman Ramsay's glorious feats with the Chestnut Battery at Fuentes d'Onor, and others of the great cavalry movements at Mars-la-Tour—all hampered, however, by the prevalence of standing corn, which, by obstruction of movements at critical stages, simulated the disadvantages of such ground as cavalry have rarely attempted to operate on since Ramillies. All this was eminently useful training. A brigade thrown out of formation by a field of corn as effectually as it would be by finding an unknown morass in its front leaves a lesson that must be useful hereafter. And the opportunity of working over open ground, where the whole division had come to move in faultless formation, was turned to good account, so that as Life Guards, Scots Greys, Inniskillings, 4th Hussars, the 8th (of Balaclava fame), and the 9th Lancers swept over the ridges one could realise how great the moral power still may be of cavalry well led in mass to strike terror into the ranks of shaken infantry. But the crops must be held responsible for the fact that General Keith Fraser was not able to give his brigadiers the chance of handling their commands as opposing forces until the manœuvres were nearly half over, and, accordingly, we saw little of dexterous manœuvring for advantage of ground between heavy and light cavalry, or of flanking movements checked by prompt action of supports, or of dashing exploits, which would have given some idea of what the leaders of individual regiments knew of the art of warfare. But, after all, manœuvres at their best can never develop the qualities of men as sudden emergency develops them, and who, seeing a charge in peace time, can realise what the effect of cavalry is when, like the 9th Lancers, who, on hearing of Cawnpore, stripped the pennon from every staff, and, with the cold glitter of steel unbroken by colour, poured through the streets of Delhi, the fierce demon of battle in possession of them?

But if the cavalry gathering at Churn resolved itself rather into a camp of exercise than a series of great manœuvres, it was full of valuable instruction for all ranks: not an opportunity was missed of teaching them something. The scouting work of several days was remarkable for its rational purpose and intelligent direction. Then we had most practical experiments in swimming horses across the Thames and improvising rafts upon which saddles and kits could be ferried over. The Rev. Mr. Berthon, whose folding boats are in use throughout the Navy, had a cleverly-contrived raft on trial for this purpose, but the balance of expert opinion inclines to the view that cavalry are better without any encumbrances of this kind. The waterproof corn-sacks, stuffed with straw, and having a handle lashed across them, after the manner shown by Captain Remington, of the Carabineers, are a much more workmanlike contrivance. One is glad to see cavalry officers exercising their inventive faculties in this way. The late Colonel Fred Burnaby once gave as a reason for his balloon adventures that he thought cavalry officers ought to take the lead in all reconnaissances. If this obvious truth applies to aerial navigation, it does with tenfold force to the navigation of broad rivers by cavalry, who should not wait for engineers to teach them how they may get over difficulties by rough-and-ready means. The hours of off-days were devoted to teaching Army Service men how to form laager with their wagons if attacked. By aid of such things, the cavalry brigades and departmental corps were kept in healthy and profitable exercise every day from reveillé until dusk, so that when night closed in they were never sorry to hear the trumpets sounding "Last Post" as a signal for the camp to silence and sleep.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

The cricket festival at Hastings will be long memorable for the brilliant innings of 131 runs played by W. G. Grace on behalf of the Gentlemen against the Players. This made his third century for the season, and his ninety-ninth in first-class cricket. It is nearly thirty years since "W. G." as a stripling flashed upon the astonished world as a full-fledged, finished batsman. Since then he has been a foremost figure in the cricket world, and the history of cricket during that time will be largely the history of the world-famous doctor.

It is a rare thing to see father and son playing at first-class cricket together. I can remember Richard Daft and his son Harry at the Oval three years ago, but the appearance of "W. G." senior and "W. G." junior

distinguished himself with West Bromwich Albion. Altogether, Millwall are a clever, well-balanced lot. The greatest fault of the team is lightness on the part of the forwards.

It is astonishing to find that about ninety per cent. of League matches are won by clubs playing at home. This shows not only that the home club possesses an immense advantage, but that the League clubs must be very equal in strength. It may be taken for granted that where two clubs are on anything like an equality the home team will generally win. Up to date, Everton have proved themselves one of the most powerful combinations in the League, and, as far as one can see, they are likely to push Aston Villa and Sunderland very hard for honours. Last Saturday they played Notts Forest at home, and next week they will meet the

W. Lindsay (Trainer). N. Whittaker (Referee). W. Davis. G. Aitken. T. Walker. J. Mathews. H. Mathews. E. Clark (Lineman). H. Robertson.



W. Jones.

J. Wilson.

J. Graham (Captain).

A. McKenzie.

Photo by Symmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane, W.C.
A. Geddes.

MILLWALL FOOTBALL TEAM.

is now becoming quite common. So many records have been made by the veteran that it is hardly worth while mentioning a new one—namely, that no man in first-class cricket ever made a century score who had a son playing on the same side. Of course, these matches at the end of the season at fashionable watering-places are informal, and would not reckon as one of the regular Gentlemen v. Players matches. For this reason I suppose, W. G. Grace, jun., as a compliment to his father, was probably asked to assist. He was certainly not played on his merits.

FOOTBALL.

The football season in the south of England will be in full swing next week, when the Southern League will be inaugurated. The new League is composed partly of professional and partly of amateur clubs. The struggle will probably be somewhat unequal, seeing that the professional clubs can draw men from any part of the kingdom, while the amateurs will have to rely on players in their own districts. The general expectation is that Millwall Athletic, a club composed almost entirely of paid players and Scotchmen, have a very good chance of winning the championship of the Southern League. J. Graham, the Millwall captain, owing to an injured leg, will probably not be able to play for a week or two. His partner at full-back, W. Davis, like so many other footballers, came originally from the Army. G. King, at half-back, is an ex-Burnley player. H. Mathews played last season for Accrington, and his brother "J." came from Dundee. W. Jones is the only local lad in the team. His partner, Wilson, played last season for Bolton Wanderers. Robertson and McKenzie learnt most of their football in Glasgow, while Geddes has

same club at Nottingham. Considering the many admirable achievements of Everton, there is no reason why they should not be hopeful of victory.

In order to win the championship, not only must the big clubs win all their matches at home, but they must win a fair proportion away. Aston Villa have already won one match on their opponents' ground, and if they can beat Derby County next Saturday they will have secured a fairly strong position. Blackburn Rovers are still very disappointing. Their friends are apprehensive of a defeat awaiting them at Liverpool next Saturday. Considering that the Rovers only managed to play a drawn game with Liverpool at home, their chances of a victory away are anything but rosy. Bolton Wanderers have done nothing at all to warrant the opinion that they will be able to hold their own against the Wednesday Club at Sheffield. Perhaps Wolverhampton Wanderers are the most disappointing team in the League. They meet Burnley next Saturday, and I am afraid that the result will be the usual defeat. Preston North End have shown better form than most people expected, but it is doubtful whether they will be able to beat Small Heath at Birmingham. In the past Stoke have lost very few matches at home, and the chances are that they will not lose to Sheffield United. West Bromwich Albion pay a visit to Sunderland, and, of course, can hardly hope to escape defeat. On their own ground Sunderland are practically invincible, and if only they could play half as well when they travel from home there would be no club come near them in point of merit. Sunderland have been without the services of Gow, their best back, for some weeks.

[Continued on page 441.]

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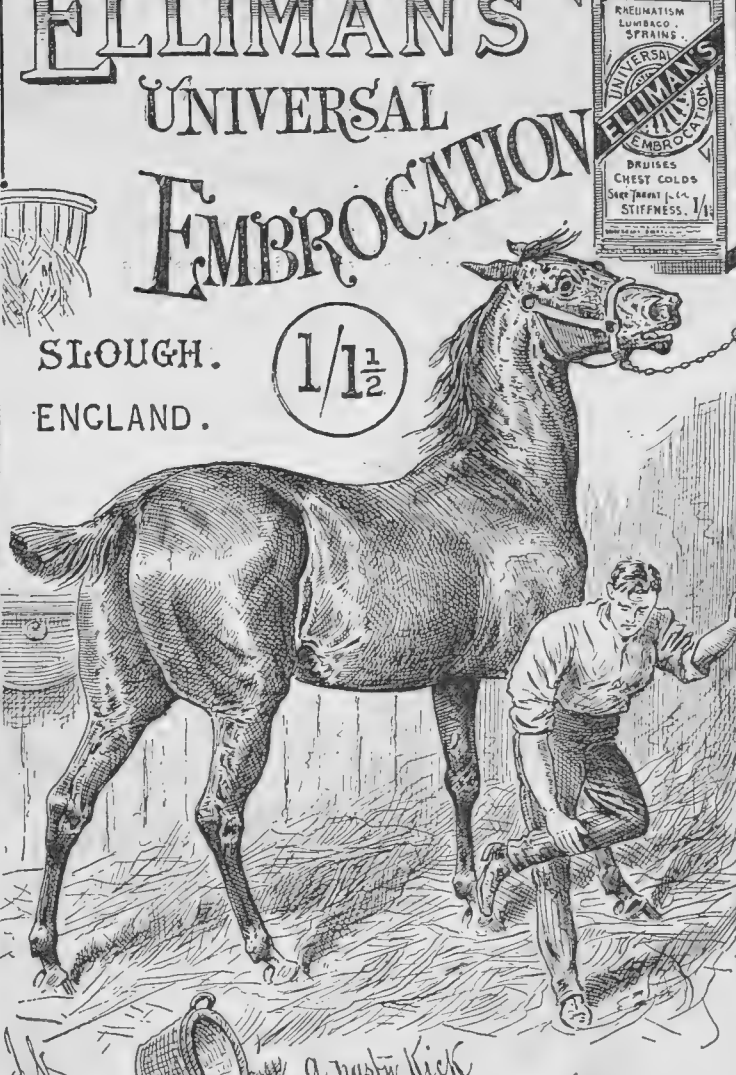
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GOLF.

It appears that the long-talked-of match between Andrew Kirkaldy and Taylor has fallen through.

Mr. Arthur L. Woodhead, the courteous hon. secretary of the Huddersfield Golf Club, writes me to say that the proposed match between Herd, of Huddersfield, and Varden, of Bury, is still in abeyance. It appears that when the match was first mooted Herd was about to be married, so that I suppose nothing will be done until the honeymoon has spent itself. In the meantime the air is heavy with rumours of matches of all kinds. It is said that Willie Campbell is actually on his way from America for the purpose of getting on a match with Taylor, or some other first-class professional. There was a time when Campbell was a magnificent match-player, but he fell off greatly before he went to America, and, though he is, no doubt, playing again in fair form, I am afraid his chances against a man of the calibre of Taylor will be very poor indeed.

CYCLING.

There are a couple of twelve-hour races on the card this week—one at Putney and the other at Herne Hill—but the contest in the south-east quarter of the Metropolis must, of course, be regarded as the more important. This race for the Anchor Shield—a trophy given by the Misses Dibble, the lady proprietors of the Anchor Inn at Ripley—is always a well-contested affair, and the fact of C. G. Wridgeway having just beaten the Brighton-and-back record will lend additional interest to his renewed effort to retain the shield. The other twelve-hour race will be held to-morrow on the Putney track, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Litchfield and the competitors generally will be favoured with a little more sunshine than last August, when the first contest was won by Wridgeway in a storm of wind and rain, which lasted the whole day. The proceeds will be given to the Putney Hospital for Incurables. A. A. Chase holds the present twelve-hour record at 212½ miles, which beats Shorland's figures by a mile and a half.

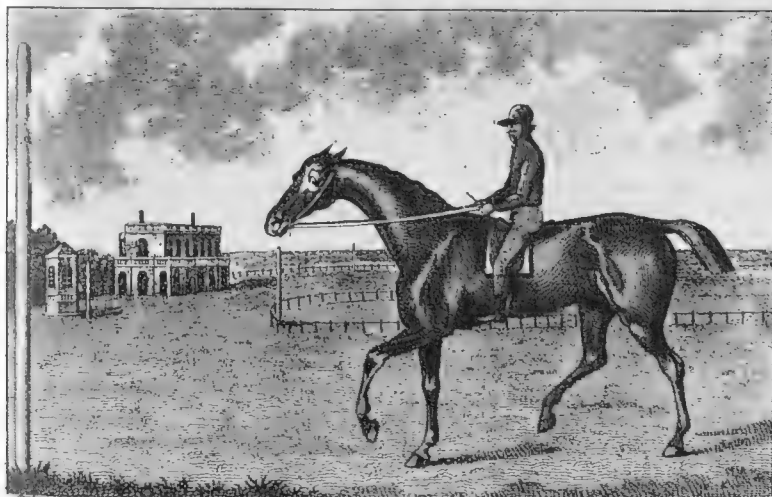
OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The result of the St. Leger was a great surprise—not because Ladas was beaten, but because such an outsider as Throstle won so easily by three-parts of a length. The St. Leger has often upset calculations, but nothing so surprising as Wednesday's race has occurred since Dutch Oven beat Geheimniss and Shotover in 1882, or since Caller Ou defeated the Derby winner Kettledrum. Baron Hirsch must feel sore that Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone should have scored with Throstle, while Matchbox, which they sold to him for such a large sum, made a poor third. Throstle is the daughter of Petrarch, who won the St. Leger in 1876, and was trained by Porter at Kingsclere.

She made her first appearance in public last year in the Chesterfield Stakes at the Newmarket Second July Meeting, when she finished second, beaten a head, to Speed. She was equally successful in the Molecomb Stakes at Goodwood, while she failed to obtain a place in the Kempton Park Breeders' Produce Stakes, won by Matchbox. She began her three-year-old career at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, when she was unplaced in the One Thousand Guineas; but at Ascot she beat a good field for the Coronation Stakes. In the Eclipse Stakes for 10,000 sovereigns at the Sandown Park Meeting she was only fourth, though at the Goodwood Meeting she won the Nassau Stakes.

Curiously enough, there are in Throstle four crosses of the famous Benningbrough, who won the St. Leger exactly a hundred years ago. A grandson of Eclipse, Benningbrough was reputed to be the handsomest horse of his day in England. He was foaled in 1791 at Shipton, near York, the residence of John Hutchinson, a prince of the Turf of the



BENNINGBROUGH.

period, and was named Benningbrough after the village near which he was bred. His sire was King Fergus. He beat Prior for the St. Leger, and the next day he won the Gold Cup. In 1795 he was bought by Sir Charles Turner, who paid 3000 guineas for him and two other horses, and he did not regret his purchase.

The recent exhibitions of horsemanship—notably the St. Leger—given by Mornington Cannon remind me of the story flying about in Turf circles to the effect that the young Danebury horseman has made a wager that he heads the list of winning jockeys this season. I doubt whether Cannon has done anything of the kind. Maybe, however, he has a fancy bet of sixpence with some friend. If this is the case and he wins it, he may follow the example of a famous sportsman and have it set in diamonds and present it to his wife.

By-the-way, how is the Cannon band, better known as the "Battery Band," progressing? Before Morny married Miss Dennett, and his sister Alys became the wife of Mr. Martin, the band was the talk of the county. Side-drums were Morny's favourite instruments; Miss Alys, who was leader, preferred the piano and harp; young Tom Cannon had charge of the big drum and cymbals; the two younger daughters were accomplished performers on the violin and violoncello; while Kempton Cannon, who is just blossoming into a jockey, performed with credit on the triangle.

The Dawson family have been trainers for generations—first in Scotland, and more recently at Newmarket. As I have mentioned before, Mr. Matthew Dawson is about to retire into private life, but his place will be ably filled by his nephew, Mr. George Dawson, who, thanks to his uncle's able tuition, is one of the most successful trainers of the day. Mr. George Dawson was clerk in a brewery at Alton, in Hants, and left his situation to assist his uncle Matt when the latter trained for several noblemen. On Mr. M. Dawson deciding to give up business as a public trainer, the horses belonging to the Duke of Portland, Lord Londonderry, Lord Hastings, and others, were transferred to Mr. George Dawson, who began with flying colours, and in Donovan's year the Duke headed the winning list with a total of over £70,000. Mr. Dawson has won the majority of the races that are worth the winning, though it must be said he trains only those horses that are likely to do him credit.



Photo by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.

MR. G. DAWSON.

It is evident our trainers are half a century behind the times. They cling to the old-fashioned idea that a sprinter cannot be a stayer, and *vice versa*. It will be news to many to hear that Corrie Roy in her Cesarewitch preparation was only once sent beyond six furlongs; yet in the race she ran a thorough stayer. An owner told me only this week of a case where he had backed one of his horses on several occasions for five-furlong sprints, and the animal ran badly. My informant, noticing that the horse warmed to his work at the end of the journey, put him in two races of a mile and a quarter, and it is needless to add he won both, and, what is more, carried a big penalty in the second race.

We shall get good races both for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, and Major Egerton is to be congratulated on the result of his efforts in the weight-adjusting line. Callistrate is well in in the long-distance handicap, but the horse may not run, being due to compete in France a few days previously. If, as I am told is the case, Filepa is 14 lb. better than Encounter, then William Goater has a capital chance to repeat the Don Juan and Primrose Day coups, as 7 st. is not a pound too much for a four-year-old that can stay. Spindle Leg and Theseus are also spoken about by the sharps, but the great difficulty about the last-named is getting a good featherweight jockey to ride.

It is currently reported that even Mr. McCalmont and Captain Machell were considerably surprised when they saw the weight Isinglass had been apportioned in the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. It will be noticed that the horse has paid forfeit for both races; but I do not think that Major Egerton was too harsh upon the son of Isonomy. The horse was not awarded a record weight, as Minting in the Royal Hunt Cup of 1888 was handicapped at 11 st. 2 lb.

This has been a disastrous year for sporting journalists, as many members of the brigade have been laid up. I am glad to hear that Mr. Sam Gale is once more able to resume his duties. Mr. Tom Callaghan is still very unwell, and Mr. Langley, who has been racing for fifty years, is compelled to take a rest. It is not the work so much as the travelling that, in my opinion, incapacitates so many of our sporting journalists, and a man must have a constitution of iron to be able to travel thousands of miles in a year, and this, too, when he is off duty.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Holidays are now a thing of the past in my case, as in that of most people, and we are all struggling back into harness again with as good a grace as possible, though the process is not altogether a pleasant one. It has its compensations, however, as witness the fact that as soon as I arrived in London, and commenced an eager search for something new in the way of fashions, I was rewarded by the discovery that Miss Millward was delighting the feminine portion of the Adelphi audience by some lovely gowns, which had been specially designed for her by Mr. Hiley, of the Maison Jay, Regent Street—a fact which instantly sent me off Adelphi-wards to gaze upon their glories. Realisation for once came up to expectation, for the dresses are perfect—notably, the first one, which is of delicate rose-pink peau de soie, the skirt quite plain, and the bodice arranged in front in three box-pleats, combined with very fine spotted

cloth, arranged at the back in a double box-pleat, held in by a band of black satin ribbon, which is drawn through the sides and fastens in front with a jet buckle. Gathered lapels relieve the simplicity of the cloak in front, and the neck is softened by a ruching of chiffon, continued into long ends, which float loosely to the bottom of the cloak; her hat, of burnt straw-coloured chip, being trimmed with a most effective combination of sulphurine-coloured velvet, ivy, and black ospreys, against which the dead-white of some wonderfully natural gardenias stands out in startling relief. My appreciation of these productions was, of course, intensified by the fact that they were the first good and comely things in the way of garments upon which I had gazed since I retired to my northern solitudes; but even to those satiated with novelties they will come as a welcome change, I feel sure, and meet with no lukewarm reception—hence the illustrations which I have had done for you.

And now that Dame Fashion's claims for notice have been satisfactorily settled for the time being, I want you to turn your attention



cambric, the collar being daintily edged with Valenciennes lace; while four paste buttons, which are placed across the corsage, sparkle and scintillate with exceedingly good effect. The full sleeves, too, are charming, finished as they are with soft frills of white chiffon, which fall over the hands; but the finishing touch is given by the corselet, which is of eau-de-Nil velvet, a bouquet of violets being natively tucked into the left side, while a cluster of La France roses is deftly placed just below the waist on the skirt. With this altogether delightful gown is worn an equally picturesque hat of black chip, adorned with black plumes and rosettes of eau-de-Nil and pink velvet.

Next there comes to claim your admiration an evening dress of cream moiré antique, made up over a yellow silk foundation. The bodice, of white chiffon, has epaulettes of yellow chiffon drawn over the shoulders, and passing beneath the Greek waistbelt of cut jet, then falling down the back of the skirt into lapels, which are bordered with accordion-pleated chiffon. The elbow-sleeves are of white tucked chiffon, and on one shoulder there is a bouquet of exquisitely-shaded nasturtiums, flowers, by-the-way, which one does not often see used for trimming, but which have such an uncommon and graceful effect that I fancy their claims for notice and appreciation will have a hearing now that Miss Millward has put them before us.

For the last act Miss Millward has a long cloak of mustard-coloured

from chiffons to flannels, for, though the latter may not be so attractive, there has been, this last week, a somewhat wintry chilliness in the air, which shows that it is advisable to give some thought to the preparation of warm under-garments; and if there is one thing above all others which is the perfection of comfort and warmth it is the now famous "Lanura" flannel, which is so delightfully soft of texture that it can be worn next the skin even by those who are so sensitive that they would otherwise have to forego the comfort of woollen garments. Those who know it need no recommendation of mine to increase their good opinion; but to any others I may say that, as the "Lanura" flannel is composed of absolutely pure undyed wool, it combines the maximum of warmth with the minimum of weight, and is both soft, elastic, and non-shrinkable, qualities which have secured the approval of medical men, and which render it particularly suitable for invalids' wear. It is good, too, to look upon, and that is a distinct advantage, the tones of colour being particularly delicate and artistic, so that it can really be used for almost any garment. For under-clothes it is, of course, perfection, and it can also be transformed into the cosiest dressing-gowns and night-dresses; and, still again, there is "Lanura" sheeting, which anyone would appreciate in the bitter winter weather, on account of its delightful warmth and comfort, but which is specially recommended to those subject to rheumatism. You can get "Lanura" from any one of

[Continued on page 445.]

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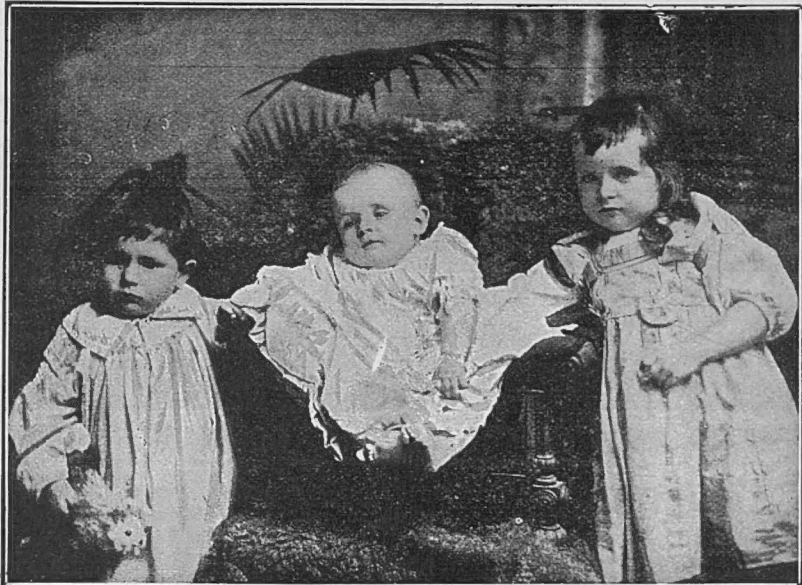
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TESTIMONIAL

FROM
Her Imperial Majesty
THE
EMPRESS OF
GERMANY.

TRANSLATION.

Berlin, April 14, 1893.
At Mr. Mellin's request it is hereby certified that his "Food" for Children has been used with the best results by the young Princes, sons of their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress.
The Cabinet of Her Majesty the Empress and Queen.



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AWARDED

the

GOLD MEDAL

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EXHIBITION,

This follows on Three Highest Possible Awards given at "The Chicago Exhibition," "The Californian Midwinter Exposition," and "The San Francisco Fair," making four in one year.



G. Mellin, Esq.

Bradpole Vicarage, Bridport,
July 30th, 1894.

Dear Sir,—I beg to enclose photo of my children: Frances M. Field, aged 4; Harry Cromwell Field, aged 2 years and 5 months; Christopher Norman Field, aged 9 months. They have been brought up entirely on Mellin's most excellent Food.

Faithfully yours,

H. C. B. FIELD.



The Gardens, Derby,
Aug. 8th, 1894.

Mr. G. Mellin.

Dear Sir,—I enclose you a photo of our little girl at fourteen months old. We think her a credit to Mellin's Food, and shall always recommend it as an excellent preparation.

Yours truly,

A. OTTEWELL.



12, Eldon Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire,
Aug. 11th, 1894.

Mr. G. Mellin.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed I beg to forward to you a photo of our little boy, taken when eight months old. He has been brought up almost from his birth on Mellin's Food. He was born in India, and when only four months old stood a journey to this country, and is going back again on the 24th inst. From the enclosed photo you will see how well he has thriven on the Food.

Yours faithfully,

J. MAIDEN.

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the leading drapers throughout the kingdom, the price, I may mention, ranging from 9½d. to 3s. 6d. a yard, so that all purses can be suited. If your tastes are particularly luxurious, and your dress allowance correspondingly elastic, you can, with advantage, for a small extra charge, invest in some "Silcure," which has all the advantages of "Lanura," but is, in addition, combined with silk, and so rendered even softer and more durable. As there is nothing like being prepared for any and

which you can use with good results for almost every purpose that you can possibly imagine. As you may guess, I refer to "Scrubb's Cloudy Household Ammonia," which I have often recommended to you for use in the bath, as it has an exceedingly good effect upon the skin, which it renders smooth, healthy, and soft, while its invigorating and refreshing qualities make it just as valuable as a Turkish bath, though the difference in cost is considerable—Scrubb's Ammonia being only one shilling for a large bottle, and one or two tablespoonfuls being quite sufficient for an ordinary bath. In the nursery, too, it is very valuable, and then for the laundry it is a saver of both time and trouble, for, while it is not in the least destructive to the clothes, it renders them beautifully white without undue rubbing, prevents the shrinkage of flannels and blankets, and entirely removes all grease spots, &c. Then, in the house it would be much easier and shorter to enumerate what Scrubb's Ammonia will not do than to give a complete list of its various uses. Invest, also, in some shilling tablets of "Scrubb's Antiseptic Skin Soap," which, when used in conjunction with the ammonia, has a marvellous effect upon the skin, and is particularly pleasant to use, as it is a perfectly pure, non-alkaline soap.

FLORENCE.

ANOTHER HISTORIAN OF THE HAMLET.

Those who have graduated in the school of village literature, who have laughed, sighed, and, perchance, cried in sympathy with the humble heroes and heroines depicted by J. M. Barrie, Miss M. E. Wilkins, Mrs. Esler, or Miss O'Neill, should turn their attention to the work of "Fergus Mackenzie."

The dainty booklet, "Cruisic Sketches" (Aberdeen: Wyllie and Son; London: Gay and Bird), is quite worthy to keep company with "A Humble Romance," which it resembles exactly in size and format. The background is a Forfarshire village, with weavers, ministers, ploughmen, and dominies for the chief actors in the every-day romances recounted by "Fergus Mackenzie." Their author is a "little minister" in the Free Kirk of Scotland. In this respect he resembles Mr. S. R. Crockett. The literary work of Mr. Mackenzie, although dealing with the same subject-matter as that of his countryman,



Photo by J. Ewing, Aberdeen.

"FERGUS MACKENZIE."

J. M. Barrie, has a distinct individuality of its own. The humour, while not broad, is hardly so subtle as Mr. Barrie's; but nowhere, even in the "Window in Thrums," has a deeper pathos been touched than is to be found in "Glenbruar," where it is told "How Bob Riach Became a Man." Although "Fergus Mackenzie" ministers in Aberdeenshire, he is a native of Forfarshire, and was born not many miles distant from the immortal village of Thrums.

There is humour in most of the "Cruisic Sketches," and in one or two of them real pathos. The story of the minister who was writing a history of the world, and had calculated it would take him one hundred and forty-seven years to finish, is particularly good. "In his more depressed moods he suspected he might not live to see the end." After sundry sad exploits, such as the total uprooting of all the cauliflowers, under the impression that they were cabbages run to seed, the good man determined to grow only such vegetables as were described in "The Plants of the Bible." The love story of a middle-aged man is capitally narrated under the title of "A Slight Misunderstanding." "Wee Jocky Tamson" has many masterly strokes. The author uses no brilliant colours in his pictures, but pigments of subdued tint which are ordinarily seen on the truthful canvas of village life. Nor is the dialect beyond the comprehension of Southrons without a glossary.

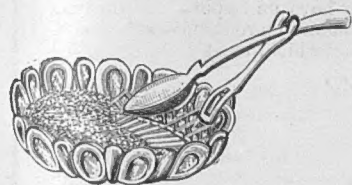
The next literary venture by this author, who is probably destined to have as large a public on this side of the Border as across it, is "The Humours of Glenbruar," just issued by the publishers mentioned before. In its two hundred pages one gets further acquainted with the Forfar folk, and learns to admire the bravery and good humour with which they face their fates. "A Love Idyll" is one of the most characteristic samples of "Fergus Mackenzie's" style. He tells his story with few of those witty comments of J. M. Barrie, and not quite the happy phraseology of Sarah Orne Jewett. There is nothing very exciting, because in the lives of his neighbours "Fergus Mackenzie" finds only the quiet ebb and flow of the waves which wash the shores of most lives remote from the stress and storm of town existence. High notes would be discordant, so all the stories are in a minor key, and not the less interesting because of this fact.



every freak of the fickle clerk of the weather, I should advise you to promptly lay in a stock of "Lanura" or "Silcure," or both, and employ either your own or somebody else's fingers in transforming it into various garments, which will enable you to rise superior to considerations of temperature and save you from endless colds and chills. Then, when the summer comes round once more, you can show your gratitude by having your tennis and boating costumes made of the material which has stood you in such good stead throughout the winter.

A USEFUL NOVELTY.

Of the production of novelties for the comfort and convenience of the community in general, there is verily no end, but the latest introduction is likely to meet with a lion's share of the popular favour, inasmuch as it appeals to everyone, for who has not experienced the annoyance of getting one's fingers hopelessly sticky by contact with the spoon which has been reposing in the jam dish or the honey pot, and which, somehow, always manages to attach some of the contents to its handle instead of being content to let the spoon-bowl have the entire monopoly? These troubles are, however, a thing of the past, for you can now obtain from all ironmongers, stores, &c., for the modest sum of sixpence,



one of "Grenfell's Patent Spoon-Holders," a most ingenious little appliance, which, as you will see by the accompanying illustration, is intended to clip on to the side of the preserve dish or jar, the handle of the spoon resting in the aperture at the top, and thus being lifted away from the chance of contact with the contents of the dish below,

which, delicious as they may be, are only enjoyable in their proper place. Though the older folk will be the first to welcome this little appliance for their own use, it seems to me that where children are concerned it is simply invaluable, and no nursery breakfast or tea-table should be unprovided with one of Grenfell's new spoon-holders. Messrs. W. B. Fordham and Sons, Limited (of 36 to 40, York Road, King's Cross), are the wholesale agents, I may mention. I must give a place, and a very prominent one, too, to an invaluable preparation,

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Sept. 15, 1894.

An eloquent indication of the superabundance of money was given at the Bank of England meeting on Thursday. The Governor remarked, in explaining why the profits had been so small during the half-year, that the enormous surplus in the "Reserve" had been kept idle, simply because to invest in Consols at the present high figure would be to court a loss when the time came for utilising the funds elsewhere. As Goschens at 102 5-16 are virtually on a 2½ per cent. level, it is pretty clear that Mr. Powell is right, although it is quite a novel sensation to hear Consols spoken of as a dangerous holding. But the observation has another side. Were the Court of Directors satisfied that money would remain at the present nominal level for many months more, they would have risked Consols. That they have not is a useful reminder that money may soon tighten again, and after this long period of excessive ease a slight hardening of money would probably mean a considerable weakening of the stock markets.

An excellent effect has been produced in the City by the hopeful manner in which Mr. Powell spoke of the Baring Estate. Reading between the lines of his confident remarks, many people see indications that we are now at the beginning of the end. There are persistent rumours that the Baring family, in which there is plenty of money, mean to come forward and take over *en bloc* all that remains of the estate, clearing the guarantors of all liability. There is nothing improbable about the suggestion; indeed, we have heard this ending to the liquidation hinted at in inside quarters as far back as eighteen months ago. The amount of the estate is now so much reduced that there is no reason why the family should not be able to handle it soon without doing anything very heroic. Even the Bank of England admits a surplus of £667,412 on a moderate valuation of the assets at the end of August, and since then more than £600,000, in various stocks, has been realised at considerably enhanced prices. The total liabilities now stand at about £1,600,000, allowing for the transactions since the end of August and options bound to be exercised. During the next six months syndicates will, no doubt, be busy in further reducing that amount, so it would not be surprising if the Governor of the Bank of England had to announce at the meeting in March that the whole of the balance had been taken over.

When we wrote last Uruguays were quoted at 46½, and under the stimulus of the news that the Baring block of bonds has been mostly disposed of outside the market the price has advanced to 48. You may look in a day or two for an announcement that Sinking Fund purchases have been authorised, and this may be the signal for a further sharp advance. Not only would these Sinking Fund purchases act as a strong support in themselves, but they would reduce the amount of bonds on which interest had to be paid, and thus increase the surplus annually. Remember what the Sinking Fund has done for Turkish Group I., which is now quoted around 65, but which used to hang at much the same price as Uruguays now command.

It was inevitable that the Colonies should soon take advantage of the strong market in their stocks to issue new loans, and New South Wales has led the way by offering on Thursday £832,000 in 3½ per cent. inscribed stock at par. This is probably the prelude to further Colonial issues, and the confidence of the market has been shaken. Like Consols, Colonials will probably be obtainable cheaper before many weeks have passed. London is not over-anxious at present to encourage further borrowing at the Antipodes.

Western of Minas Railway bonds have been a feature of the market, advancing as high as 82, or a couple of points above the issue price of last year, when the loan was a failure. Of the million unsubscribed in the Rothschilds' hands, an English syndicate has taken £300,000 firm at 80, and has a call for an equal amount at 80½. The German offer was refused, and a French tender also.

Little effect was produced on Friday by the declaration of the Milwaukee dividend at the usual rate of four dollars per annum. Everybody had expected that distribution, and, as a deal of stock had been bought in anticipation, the inclination has been to sell rather than to buy more. A better effect would have been produced on the market generally had it been given out authoritatively some weeks ago that the dividend would be passed, for, after paying it, the surplus left is only 34,000 dollars. This is not much with which to face a blighted maize crop and the after-effects of the commercial crisis.

No railway in this country is more fruitful in surprises than the North British, which is financed with so much adroitness that he would be a rash man who predicted its dividends with any confidence on the basis of published figures. This half-year the traffics showed an increase of only £8666 gross, while it was known that capital charges had gone up about £35,000; yet the company has declared a dividend at the same rate as for the corresponding half-year—which works out at ¼ per cent. per annum on the Deferred Ordinary—while £2000 more is carried forward. How this trick has been performed, we cannot say until the report comes out; but it is not improbable the current half-year will have to suffer. A point that should not be forgotten in connection with the North British is that the West Highland Railway is now open, that it cannot pay its own way for years to come, being a purely tourist line with a season of a few months, and that the North British guarantees the interest.

A curious discovery has been made in regard to the issue by the Caledonian Railway of £1,080,000 in new ordinary stock, the announcement of which took the market so completely aback. When we explained in our last letter that this issue could not be made until the stock was created by the shareholders at the coming half-yearly meeting, we went on the authority of the company's own report, published last March, wherein the stock in question is clearly scheduled as "not created or sanctioned." The new report is now out, and once more this balance of capital is set down as unauthorised by the shareholders. Little wonder, then, that the market was deceived when the company's officials have themselves been in error for two successive half-years, for it has transpired that the stock was duly created at an extraordinary meeting just a year ago. This puts a different complexion on the issue, but it shakes our faith in railway reports. Such a mistake implies gross carelessness in the preparation of the schedules.

The South African Mining market shows signs of having gone as far on the upward track as it will go in the meantime, and the tendency is now to take profits.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE MANICA TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.—This concern is offering 30,000 shares of £1 each for public subscription. The vendor has for sale a letter of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, offering to give him sundry rights in the Chartered Company's country if he can induce the British public to find capital for trading purposes, and this letter he proposes to sell to this company for £30,000, including all the valuable rights which this precious document confers. As far as we can see, it would be far cheaper to buy the farms at ordinary prices, and to acquire the stands in the various townships in the usual way. The whole lot could be readily purchased for, we should think, £1000, but then good Mr. Altson would not get his profit, and there would be nobody to pay the costs of promotion. We don't believe in unpaid directors, nor in the Manica Trading Company, Limited, as an investment; so our readers will be wise if they keep their spare cash in their banks even at the present deposit rates.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND is offering for tender £830,000 3½ Inscribed Stock of the Colony of New South Wales, to repay the same amount of 5 per cent. debentures coming due on Jan. 1 next. The issue is sure to be taken up well over the minimum price of par, as it will receive full six months' interest on March 1 next. The last instalment of the purchase money need not be paid until Dec. 20 next, and the old 3½ per cents. are worth about 101½, at about which price, or a trifle under, our readers may safely apply for this loan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. J. W.—We confess we do not consider your insurance policy over safe, as we don't like the Independent Order you mention, but we know nothing definite against it except general repute. Borrow from the society the largest amount they will lend on your policy and invest the money in sound securities; then, if anything goes wrong, you will have saved something out of the wreck. If you do this, write to us again, and we will advise you as to the investment.

SEEC.—Don't deal with Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., who charge fully 30 per cent. over the market price for the lottery bonds they offer you. If you will write to us privately, and enclose the fee of five shillings, we will furnish you with the name of a respectable firm in London where you can purchase the bonds at the exact market price of the day.

IGNORANT.—Buenos Ayres Waterworks bonds are cheaper than either the Funding or 1886 Loans. The security for all these is, in our opinion, practically the same. You must not expect dividends on your Chartered of South Africa shares for some years, but they may improve in value. And are you not engaged in a patriotic concern, with almost a royal Duke for its chairman? which is nearly as good as a dividend, if you can afford it.

B. P.—(1) Hold on—at least, for the present. (2) We expect these Argentine Railway debentures will go better; but, as you have already a good profit, you might sell half and hold half. (3) Both nitrate companies are fair industrial risks, and stand well among the producing companies.

AFRICA.—Sell Oceanas on the next little rise. New Louis d'Or might suit you as a cheap speculation, but we prefer Van Ryns. Leave Gordon diamond shares alone. We have no special information, but we think it is "a wrong 'un."

Mrs. A.—You may sleep in peace on the list of investments you send us. Let no one induce you to sell or change one of them, and you will never have a moment's anxiety about either your income or your capital.

VICTIM.—We advise you to support the movement for making the late directors of the Trustees Corporation repay the moneys they have misapplied. If the case is successful, your shares will be worth at least a pound more than they are now, so it is worth your while to risk a shilling a share, which, most likely, you will never have to pay.

JOHN R.—The story of the Bank of England and the late Chief Cashier is too long to tell in "Answers to Correspondents." It is such common property that your broker or your banker will tell you all about it if you ask him.

T. D. P.—(1) When a certificate is for a larger number of shares than bought, it is left by the seller at the company's office with the transfer, and the purchaser gets a certificate for the number he has bought, and the seller one for the balance. (2) If a broker did not get paid until he produced a new certificate in the buyer's name, he would be out of his money for weeks, for he would have paid the seller upon production and handing over of an old certificate and a transfer. (3) All business depends on mutual confidence, and if you can't trust your broker when he offers you the old certificate and transfer signed by seller you had better deal with somebody else. You seem to us one of those people who had far better give your bankers an order to pay against delivery, and leave them to fight it out. (4) We see no reason to suspect any "finesse" on your broker's part in anything you tell us.